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JOHN FREETH,

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THE

POLITICAL SONGSTER

OR, A

TOUCH ON THE TIMES,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

AND ADAPTED TO COMMON TUNES,

THE SIXTH EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

By JOHN FREETH.

BIRMINGHAM,
PRINTED BY THOMAS PEARSON,
FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

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IT is a very common, and not an untrue saying, that every man has his hobby-horse. Sometimes indeed it is a profitable one; more frequently it is otherwise. My hobby-horse and practice for thirty years past have been, to write songs upon the occurrence of remarkable events, and nature having supplied me with a voice somewhat suitable to my stile of composition, to sing them also, while their subjects were fresh upon every man's mind; and being a Publican, this faculty, or rather *knāck* of singing my own songs, has been profitable to me; it has in an evening crowded my house with customers, and led me to friendships which I might not otherwise have experienced. Success naturally encouraged me to pursue the trade of *ballad-making*, for without it, it is not probable I should have written a tenth part of what this Volume contains.

My songs are principally adapted to the particular times in which they were written. I now lament I did not go more upon general topics; but engaged in many contested

elections, I was obliged to turn them upon ſuch temporary and local ſubjects, as might beſt ſerve the cauſe of the party I had eſpouſed. During the American war, it will be perceived, I was no well-wiſher to the Miniſtry that conducted it. When the *Coalition* took place, I went with the popular tide, and joined in ſentiment with thoſe who reprobated that extraordinary meaſure (for meaſures, not men, have always claimed my principal attention). Since that period I have viewed with a ſmile and indifference, political wranglings, being fully convinced that the conteſt of moſt politicians is only for power and for favours.

The preſent miniſter came idolized into office; and I have made ſongs in his praiſe, though I cannot but allow, that many of his taxes bear too hard upon the commercial intereſts of the kingdom, and that his extenſion of the Exciſe Laws has juſtly robbed him of much of his popularity.

If I had no other motives, the requeſts of travellers in the mercantile line from every county, who pay me ſuch frequent and friendly viſits, for copies of my ſongs, would be a ſufficient reaſon for the publication of this

this *three Shillings and Six-penny* Volume. I cannot expect it will pleaſe all parties; but I mean offence to none, and liberal minds will not be angry with me for freely expreſſing my ſentiments.

Vanity may perhaps be ſaid to dictate the aſſertion, that I have met with attention and reſpect from perſonages of the firſt rank in life; but gratitude will not ſuffer me to omit the only public occaſion I have, to acknowledge the great ſatisfaction, I have ſo frequently experienced, in the flattering and encouraging receptions of his Grace the DUKE of NORFOLK, to whom my obligations are great indeed. It is but juſtice to ſay, his diſintereſted conduct as a Senator, and the true Britiſh ſpirit that he has ſhewn as a ſteady ſupporter of the RIGHTS OF MANKIND on many public occaſions, muſt ſtill render the antient and much recorded Engliſh name of HOWARD, truly reſpectable to every lover of his country. To one general expreſſion of gratitude, I muſt therefore confine myſelf to him, as well as to the HOSPITABLE PEER of *Stapleford*, and to EARL STANHOPE, from both of whom I have received ſeveral marks of friendſhip.

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The

Within the rounds of diſſipation,
Old Engliſh Songs are out of faſhion.
In fifty-nine, that glorious year,
How diff'rent did the ſcene appear!—
The hardy veterans of the waves,
Sung—"Britons never will be ſlaves,"
And HEARTS of OAK, their ſouls' deſire
With joy did every breaſt inſpire.

Strange are the deeds to ſing upon,
No foe ſubdu'd, few battles won;
Unequal war does Britain make,
Not one ally her part to take;
Happy, if broils had once ſubſided,
For ne'er was country more divided;
At large the people boldly ſay,
The fault is all in miniſtry;
And miniſtry impute the blame,
To thoſe they ſent to quench the flame;

Burgo

Burgoyne, the Howes, the great Sir Harry,
And brave Cornwallis, all miſcarry;
And thus, in folly's mad career
The farce goes on from year to year;
And what's been ſought for long in vain,
Is to be done the NEXT campaign.

But ſure no power ever try'd,
Than Spain can be more mortify'd;
To check her inſolence and rage,
ELLIOTT, the phœnix of the age,
Deſervedly in Freedom's cauſe,
Has won the wond'ring world's applauſe;
Whoſe deeds of valour, all agree,
In Song immortaliz'd ſhould be,
And ſung in ſtrains thro' Britain's iſle,
Above the common ballad ſtile.

Endleſs diſputes the war occaſions,
For thoſe of all denominations,

Have ſince the conteſt firſt began,
Been politicians to a man;
Warm to a fault too apt to be,
And ſon and father diſagree:

But think not, Politics alone,
Can in a large free trading town,
At this time fam'd for SPECULATION,
Engroſs the public converſation;
O'er cheering cups, as things fall out,
And falſe alarms are ſpread about,
Some grave appear, ſome gay, ſome ſad,
And ſome are NAVIGATION mad.

Of this the author being known,
To do his beſt when call'd upon,
And having more than twice twelve years,
Been us'd to ſing on State Affairs,
Wherein he's worn, beyond a doubt,
His conſtitution almoſt out,

Preſumes

Preſumes his worthy, numerous friends,
On whoſe ſupport his ſale depends,
For juſt One Shilling, paid at ſight,
Will not his Publication ſlight:
Who, when good News is brought to town,
Immediately to work ſits down,
And buſineſs fairly to go through,
Writes SONGS, finds TUNES, and SINGS them too.

A firſt-rate ſongſter often gains
Both wealth and fame, with little pains;
Two annual ſongs, a century back,
Were rated at a butt of ſack;
Which ſervice now brings in a clear,
And neat Two Hundred Pounds a year:
Inferior Bards, for half the ſtake,
Ten times as much would undertake;
Rejoice to reap the glorious pay,
And live on roaſt meat every day.

Whatever

Whatever ſubject may ariſe,
Whatever fancy may deviſe,
No ſongſter has a better plea
For printing, than—neceſſity.
In fact, each day, when Children Nine,
In perfect health ſit down to dine—
Think not the whole can be maintain'd,
By what is from the ale-ſcore gain'd:
Profits on BEER and BALLADS too,
In theſe hard times will barely do.

Birmingham, 1783.

INLAN]

INLAND NAVIGATION:

AN

O D E.

FOR ancient deeds let Hiſtory unfold
The page where wonder's are enroll'd,
And tell how JASON, from the *Colchian* ſhore,
The golden fleece in triumph bore,
A nobler theme the Mind inſpires,
And every ſkilful Artiſt fires
With heart-felt joy a work to ſee
Cut out for grand utility;
A project form'd, by which, 'tis plain,
That thouſands muſt advantage gain:
And ſure that plan muſt be of noble uſe,
Which tends in price proviſion to reduce.
Bleſt Navigation! ſource of golden days
Which Commerce finds, and brightens all its ways.

Sons of *Commerce* haſte to pleaſure,
For the joy belongs to you;
May you live to reap the treaſure
That muſt happily enſue.
Treaſure, from *Staffordian* plains,
Richer than *Peruvian* mines,
And by what the Artiſt gains
All his principal deſigns.

CHORUS.

Not a Son of limping VULCAN
But muſt truly joyous be;
ENVY from the banquet ſkulking,
'Tis the Artiſt's Jubilee*.

* The firſt Boat load of Coals was brought to Town November he 6th, 1769, the Year of the Stratford Jubilee.

So quick in performing this weighty affair,
So great was the induſtry, prudence, and care,
Eighteen months have ſcarce run,
Since the work was begun:
How pleaſing the ſight!
What a ſcene of delight!
As the barges come floating along:
Then ceaſe from your toil,
Nor hammer nor file
Be handled to-day,
All care ſhall away,
Whilſt bonfires are blazing,
(What can be more pleaſing?)
All free-coſt, to gladden the throng.

Could our Forefathers from the ſhades but trace
The noble plan
Their Sons began,
To what amazement would the work appear!
A train of Veſſels floating by the place,
Where ſprightly Steeds, at trumpet ſound,
In conteſt wing'd along the ground,
And thouſands to the pleaſures would repair.

But, what were thoſe days,
Compared to theſe?
Each day at the *Heath* is a fair;
To ſee Bridges and Locks,
And Boats on the Stocks,
Are numbers continually there.

Every breaſt, elate with joy,
Gladly views the happy day;
Ceaſe diſſenſion,
Lamp contention,
From theſe regions haſte away,
We alone on Trade depend;
Be in that our emulation,
'Twill ſupport our Navigation,
And the liquid tract extend.

But for this good care and trouble,
Which has nobly been diſplay'd,
For our Coals, this inſtant, double
What we give, we muſt have paid.

Griping ſouls, that live by fleecing,
And upon their teams depend,
To all ranks of life how pleaſing,
That their day is at an end.

Long their tricks were overbearing,
Now the vile oppreſſors may
Sell their nags and burn their geering,
For the roads 'twill better be.

CHORUS.

Not a Son of limping VULCAN
But ſhall joyous be to-day;
ENVY from the banquet ſkulking,
'Tis the Artiſt's Jubilee.

Bleſt Genius of this fruitful Land,
Whoſe deep ſagacious mind,
To benefit mankind,
The glorious undertaking plann'd;
Whoſe living fame the wonders tell,
Of thy far more than common ſkill,
Whoſe matchleſs art all doubts diſpel,
And kingdoms with amazement fill.
When that fam'd Peer*, to patronize his art,
Had ſet the laudable deſign on foot,
Which brought his meaſures into grand repute,
Aſtoniſh'd mortals, from each diſtant part,
The model view'd,
And wond'ring ſtood;
But how much more when brought to bear,
And Veſſels under Veſſels ſteer!

* The Duke of BRIDGWATER.

The neighbouring Counties ſaw the good effect,
And now behold the vaſt increaſe
Of Tracts, fair Commerce to protect;
Which fills the bright Mechanic with delight;
Nor will the undertakings ceaſe,
'Till *Trent* and *Severn* with the *Thames* unite.

What mortals ſo happy as *Birmingham* Boys?
What people ſo fluſh'd with the ſweeteſt of joys?
All hearts fraught with mirth at the Wharf ſhall appear,
Their aſpects proclaim it the Jubilee year,
And be full as gay in their frolickſome pranks,
As they who were dancing on *Avon's* green banks.

There never in war was for victory won,
A cauſe that deſerv'd ſuch reſpect from the Town;
Then revel in gladneſs, let harmony flow,
From the diſtrict of *Bordſley* to *Paradiſe-Row*;
For true feeling joy on each breaſt muſt be wrought,
When Coals under Five-pence per hundred are bought.

Rejoice then, ye Artiſts, drive ſorrow away,
And over your cups ſocial gladneſs diſplay;
The Wealthy will chearfully cheriſh the cauſe,
The Poor give their honeſt and hearty applauſe;
Nor dread from the winter's approach any harm,
When bleſt with good fires, their bodies to warm.

But let not the joys be confin'd to the Town,
All over the Country ſhall gladneſs be ſhewn;
The Tradeſman, Mechanic, and Cottager too,
Shall all ſhare the bounty that ſoon muſt enſue,
And when o'er the houſes SOL ſcarcely can peep,
Be better prepar'd a good Chriſtmas to keep.

The Heavens are kind, and have plenty beſtow'd,
Rich crops have been gather'd, and trade has been good;
And ſince food and fuel diminiſh in price,
Have not we much reaſon to ſing and rejoice?
From Winter's approach then what harm can we fear,
When bounteouſly furniſh'd with comforting cheer?

Birmingham,

Birmingham, for arts renown'd,
O'er the globe ſhall foremoſt ſtand:
Nor its vaſt increaſe be found
To be equall'd in the land.
If the will of fancy ranges
From the *Tagus* to the *Ganges*,
Or from *Lapland* Cliffs extend
To the *Patagonian* Strand,
For mechanic ſkill and pow'r,
In what kingdom, on what ſhore,
Lies the place that can ſupply
The world with ſuch variety?

What relief in the fare
Of all heavy ware,
When the whole undertaking is finiſh'd!
In affairs, what a turn,
When cattle and corn
In their rates ſhall be greatly diminiſh'd!

In war or in peace,
All commerce would ceaſe,
Was it not for a free Navigation:
'Tis of riches the ſource,
When ſuch plans we enforce,
And of freedom our dear preſervation.

Arts, genius, and ſcience,
On thee have reliance,
And reverence thy conquering pow'r,
Whoſe caſtles of wood,
Floating bulwarks have ſtood,
To the terror of Gallia's proud ſhore.

Still may our Veſſels, o'er the briny deep,
To ſundry ports their various courſes keep:
May Navigation, Liberty's dear friend,
Her wonted fame to greater lengths extend;
Open her ſluices and through mountains force,
To diſtant Lands an eaſy intercourſe:

And *Birmingham*, for every curious art
Her Sons invent, be *Europe's* greateſt mart;
In every Kingdom ever ſtand enroll'd,
The grand Mechanic Warehouſe of the World!

A STROLLING BALLAD SINGER's R/ BLE TO LONDON.

Tune—Laſt Week in Lent I came to Town.

THE firſt of April SIXTY-THREE,
To London I went *budging*,
For know you all of my degree,
Go on their Tentoes trudging;
At COVENTRY I ſtopt to ſee,
If any thing was wanting,
From pocket lodge—pull'd out my *fodge*,
And ſtraightway fell to chanting.

And as I paſs'd the Streets along,
The people round me gazing!
Some cry'd out 'tis nobly ſung,
And worthy of our praiſing;
My Voice was clear, my Heart was ſtout,
Then why ſhould I repent it,
A decent penny ſoon I got,
And in the Evening ſpent it.

Next Morning by the break of Day,
Oh think of my good look, Sir,
A trampling on the broad highway,
A TINKER I o'ertook, Sir,
Who told me that—Trade was ſo flat,
That he was almoſt undone,
Yet on the road—with Spirits good,
He was ganging away to LONDON.

I pleaſed was with Company,
And lik'd his occupation,
Two better ſuited could not be,
To travel o'er the Nation;
Where'er we come---I and my *Chum*,
Some buſineſs have to ſettle,
I tramp each Town---whilſt he ſits down
To mending of his KETTLE.

From DAVENTRY up to TOWCESTER,
Together we went *jogging*,
Stop frequently, and cry good Sir,
Of Gin bring us a Noggin;
But as to *prog*---where'er we jog,
So little is our ſwallow,
A cruſt of bread—ſerves us for food,
When pockets are grown ſhallow.

But now obſerve an odd affair,
Juſt entering into STONY,
We met a ſturdy jovial Tar,
And ſeeming fraught with money;
Who cry'd my lad—can'ſt tips a quid,
Of nice and choice Virginia,
Quoth I my Blue---and welcome too,
Without one ſingle penny.

He ſerv'd himſelf, then cry'd my boy,
Let's tipple whilſt we've leiſure,
So *Tinking* TOM, the TAR, and I,
Sat down to take our pleaſure,
In flowing bowls---we ſoak'd our ſouls,
Till morning light was peeping,
When Sailor Jack---lay on his back,
Upon the ground a ſleeping.

We left the Tar to pay the ſcot,
Then budg'd away to FENNY,
Rejoicing at our happy lot,
As bold and bluff as any;

Through BRICKHILL paſt---and came at laſt,
To HOCKLEY in the hole, Sir;
Where in delight---we ſpent the night,
No further then would ſtroll, Sir.

Each houſe was full of company,
Not one you'd empty find, Sir,
Upon a bed of ſtraw we lay,
But this we did not mind, Sir;
For 'mongſt the throng--by downright ſong,
So fluſh'd was I with treaſure,
Tho' ſmall the town---I earn'd a crown,
By ſinging the jovial Grazier.

Here having got a decent fill,
Of what is call'd good liquor,
We cap the ſummit of CHALK-HILL,
But few could mount it quicker;
At DUNSTABLE---pick'd up a *Cull*,
With whom we beat a parley,
Purſu'd the rig---and danc'd a jig,
From thence in the morning early.

In MARKET-STREET we make no ſtop,
Nor call at Mother Dolben's;
Not taſting either bit or drop,
Until we reach St. ALBANS;
Where Brother BRASS---and I might paſs,
An hour in converſation,
Pay down our *ſhot*---then off we trot,
Ne'er dwell long in one ſtation.

By twelve o'clock we came in ſight,
And plainly could diſcern it,
A place, which if my judgment's right,
The learned call it BARNET;
Neceſſity preſs'd on me ſtill,
To make another rally;
For let the back go how it will,
We muſt not ſtarve the belly.

To LONDON we came ſafe and ſound,
But ſworn at HIGHGATE both were,
Tom was for the BOROUGH bound,
To part we very loth were;
The mind tho' nothing here controuls,
'Tis more than twelve to ten, Sir,
That ſuch a pair of merry ſouls,
Ne'er tramp the ground again, Sir.

Next morn reſolv'd the town to range
(About I muſt be ſteering)
A ſtep I took acroſs the Change,
But nothing found worth hearing;
Of BULLS and BEARS---and ſtock'ry ſtares,
Regardleſs of what fame ſays,
I fled from SCRIP---and took a trip,
With ſpeed towards St. JAMES'S.

The KING was going to Parliament,
A numerous croud was round him,
Some huzza'd him as he went,
And others cry'd---confound him!
At length a ſhout---came thundering out!
Which made the air to ring, Sir,
All in one voice---cry'd no exciſe,
No BUTE, no Cyder KING, Sir.

'Mongſt every company I got,
Of BARBERS, SMITHS, and BAKERS;
Chiefeſt tone was d----n the SCOT,
And all ſuch vile PEACE MAKERS;
Reſolv'd no more---the ſtreets to ſcour,
Or here for bread to ſcramble,
I haſted down---to this good Town,
" So ended my London ramble."

THE

THE BOILING OF THE VINTNER's W

Tune---As Jack the briſk young Drummer.

ATTEND my jolly hearts of gold,
Whilſt I relate a ſtory;
The lad that's hearty, free and bold,
Will in the ſubject glory;
As ſprightly wit and merriment,
Kills care and drowns all ſadneſs,
Some jovial blades were fully bent,
To ſpend a night in gladneſs.

'Twas at the CASTLE TAVERN where
Good ſouls are oft delighted,
Rich punch they drank, which noble cheer
Uncommon mirth excited;
At Bacchus's ennobled ſhrine,
To ſhew their firm allegiance,
No ſoul refus'd to boldly join,
In paying free obedience.

Burning Wigs in former days,
Upon a good occaſion,
Has been the cuſtomary ways,
Of many in the nation;
No TONSOR need a ruſh to care,
What means are us'd to ſpoil them,
Our modern BUCKS of late declare,
The beſt way is to boil them.

It hap'd the LANDLORD's perriwig,
A fine full bottom *Caxon*,
Was hanging on a wooden peg,
And look'd as white as flaxen;
'Twould make a Biſhop laugh to *twig*,
Theſe Bucks when in their mettle,
And how the Vintner's Sabbath Wig,
Was clap'd into the kettle.

Oh think what rich, what coſtly ſoup,
It made, and what a deal, Sirs,
Enough in troth to ſerve a groupe,
Of Frenchmen for a meal, Sirs!
On this FULL BOTTOM what was laid,
So ſobb'd all on a ſudden,
For any family would made,
A handſome Chriſtmas pudding,

To uſher in that feſtival,
When eating's much in faſhion,
And cuſtom gives its uſual call,
For modeſt recreation;
This free and hearty jovial ſet
Of BUCKS did play this rig, Sir,
Who o'er their CUPS can ne'er forget
The *boiling* of the WIG, Sir.

THE GAMBLERS.

Tune---A pilgrim blithe and jolly.

YE gambling vile banditti!
Of every town and city,
Whoſe hearts deſerve no pity,
When all your pelf is gone;
Weigh the matter fairly,
In your boſom clearly,
Reaſon muſt ſeverely,
Condemn you every one.

The conduct you're purſuing,
'Tis known has been the ruin,
And abſolute undoing
Of thouſands in the land;
Then from your kings and aces,
Which mankind diſgraces,
Hither turn your faces,
And join the jovial band.

The

The convict under ſentence,'
Of life that's no dependance,
When brought to true repentance,
Is often heard to ſay,
Friends, by me be hence taught,
Look at at my diſtreſs'd lot,
Gaming 'twas on me brought
Shame and poverty.

Of time what depredation!
That this pernicious paſſion,
Should be the reigning faſhion,
Which Britons ſo degrade?
Cards, my boys, forſake 'em,
Neither cut nor ſhake 'em,
Bid the devil take 'em,
And renounce the trade.

THE BROMWICH MASQUERADE.

TALK no more of vain romances
Playhouſe ſongs, or country dances:
'Mongſt the gentry of the nation
Maſquerading's all in faſhion.
Doodle, doodle doo.

At Bromwich t'other day the ſplendor
Truly did amazement render!
Gods and goddeſſes advancing!
And the little Cupids dancing.

Characters of various nations,
Shone in ſplendid imitations:
Some look'd bold and fierce as dragons,
Some like Turks, and ſome like Pagans.

With the ſpoils of India garniſh'd,
View the Nabob richly harneſs'd;
Sparkling diamonds in his plumage,
When he join'd the dance at Bromwich.

But where's the nymph that's half ſo clever
As Diana with her quiver?
Of the train the faireſt flower,
To whom Venus yields her power.

Mark! how each ſpectator traces
Vulcan's ſons with iron faces;
Like the tars that ſeek promotion,
Look'd as tho' they'd brav'd the ocean.

Next obſerve the fam'd ph——n,
Hermit like, commence magician;
Sure the judgment muſt be ſterling,
Of the deep ſagacious Merlin.

When conjurers can jig and caper,
Bluſter, ſwell, look big, and vapour;
Punch, the prince of merry fellows,
Of ſuch doings muſt be jealous.

THE COCK-LANE GHOST.

Anſ.—Have you not read a book call'd Triſtram Shandy Ma'am.

TORIES of phantoms in hiſtory long have ſtood,
Oft have I read them in authors of old;
When HOSIER's ghoſt danc'd a jig on the briny flood,
Oh, how it frighted our ſailors ſo bold!
'Twas near the town Portobel,
Many the ſame can tell,
And ſome have ſaid to brave VERNON it ſpoke;

The tale (tho' a fabulous cheat)
With wonder the credulous ſtruck,
The Londoners ſwallow'd the bait,
The country took all as a joke.

A fling on the *Cockneys* is nothing uncommon, Sir,
Inſtances of it 'tis eaſy to find;
How they've been nick'd both by man and by woman, Sir,
Wonders to gaze at ſo fondly inclin'd!
When young ARISTOTLE,
To creep in the bottle,
Had drawn a large audience to ſee the exploit;
At marvellous matters to ſtare!
When hundreds were big with delight,
He took of the CASH ſpecial care,
And then bid them all a good night.

Many think now that this Haymarket conjurer,
Out of diverſion to hum them again;
Playing the harlequin in leſſer compaſs, Sir,
Crept through a key-hole that is in COCK-LANE;
After a twelve year's nap,
Changing his former ſhape,
Snugly he lodg'd in the crack of a wall,
And there by a knock and a ſcratch,
He numbers about him did call;
The CLERGY themſelves came to watch,
But yet, Sirs, he cheated them all.

'Twas in the vault of a church called Clerkenwell,
Where are depoſited many dead bones;
Our London connoiſſeurs ſearching this lonely cell,
No ſpirit ſeeing, nor frighten'd by groans;
To treat with deriſion,
This rank impoſition,
The council aſſembled, on this point agreed;
That all the affair was a cheat,
A laughable ſtory indeed,
And ſwore from diſcovery ſo great,
The public ſhould have it with ſpeed.

With that to the printers they ſent their credentials,
In manifeſt vows what they found to be true;
LLOYD and the reſt publiſh'd off the eſſentials,
That all the whole world their tranſactions might view;
No doubt but hiſt'ry,
Will hand to poſterity,
Each ſingle circumſtance of theſe ſtrange things,
As telling what hour of the clock,
The ſprite this intelligence brings;
And gives you the anſwer by knock,
At other times flutters its wings.

A ſtory we've heard of an old GYPSEY's planning,
Which not to the world is made clear at this day;
Concerning a girl that was called BET CANNING,
And took from Moorfields in a whirlwind away,
GYPSEY or CANNINGNITE,
Faith it was all a bite,
So is this ſtory when ſtript of its veil;
But we joyous over our bowls,
When met for an evening's regale;
Will laugh at thoſe credulous ſouls,
Who ſwallow'd this COCK and BULL tale.

THE JOVIAL COCKERS.

[WRITTEN BY DESIRE.]

Tune—Oh the jolly angler's life.

OF the jovial SONS of GAME,
Scatter'd o'er the nation,
From the higheſt pitch of fame,
To the loweſt ſtation,
None there are,
That any where,
Can COCKERS match for ſpirit;

Old and young, of the throng,
When they hear, far or near,
Of a fight, take a flight,
Free and bold, ſport their gold,
'Mongſt their brethren of the hand;
Winning, loſing, ne'er refuſing,
To diſcount a juſt demand,
Whilſt of caſh their pockets ſtand,
Stout enough to bear it.

Not a country, ſave our own,
Can ſuch ſport be found in;
It is *Britain's* iſle alone,
That ſuch bloods abound in;
True-bred game,
What Sportſmen deem,
Win the day, or die, Sir;
If by chance, the breed of France,
Mix among our feather'd throng,
Thoſe we lot, for ſpit or pot,
For to feel, the prick of ſteel,
Makes 'em cow'r, and turn tail,
Shifting, turning, running, mourning;
Britiſh fowl, boys, never fail,
Over French cocks to prevail,
Or to make them fly, Sir.

'Tis a comely, pleaſing ſight,
On a ſummer's morning,
To behold in ſplendour bright,
All in bloom adorning,
CHANTICLEER,
Devoid of fear,
Who, ſoon as day's approaching,
Claps his wings, then he ſings,
Now he walks, then he ſtalks,
Turns his head, of coral red,
For to hear, if any near,
Anſwer to his thrilling ſound;

Cawing, crowing, rutting, ſtrutting,
Braving all his neighbours round;
Combats thoſe that dare be found,
On his walk encroaching.

When the time approaches nigh,
That there's ſport enſuing,
To the PIT away we fly,
Fancy's will purſuing:
I hold a crown,
Before they're down,
Take of each your liking;
Standers by, loudly cry,
Odds the grey, wins the day,
But in a while, the ginger pile,
Foremoſt gets, now the bets
Turn about from ſide to ſide;
Panting, breathing, bleeding, dying,
There's a conteſt bravely try'd,
Grey was bottom, tho' he dy'd,
And a true-bred chicken.

Soon as e'er a battle ends,
From the PIT retiring,
All ſit down, as jovial friends,
What is more deſiring,
Than to ſee,
So frank and free,
All hearts in mirth combining;
Now we brag, of duck-wing ſtag,
Make a match, ſing a catch,
Laugh and chat, never flat,
Heel, and then, to ſport again—
Thus the hours glide away;
Gentle, ſimple, wicked, ragged,
All delight to ſport and play,
And their loſings freely pay,
Ne'er at *Fate* repining.

Let the reſt of different ſcenes,
Boaſt their greateſt pleaſure,
Of the turf, or pictur'd queens,
Sporting free their treaſure;
Let them prefer
Inferior
Purſuits of recreation;
Engliſh blood, ſtaunch and good,
Love to cock, drink, and ſmoke,
And reſort, for the ſport,
To and fro, high or low,
Wind about each different ſhire;
Cutting, trimming, heeling, betting,
Care not for what point they bear;
COCKERS always meet and fare,
With the beſt in faſhion.

AMERICAN CONTEST.

MOTHER England's own child, a fine luſty grown laſs,
Who for ſize thro' the world for a woman might paſs,
To her neighbours in violent anger complains,
That her dame is preparing to load her with chains.
Derry down, &c.

The daughter is able to earn her own bread;
And long on plain diet has decently fed;
On her true ancient rights will admit no controul,
For freedom ſhe loves as ſhe loves her own ſoul.

Her high pamper'd matron, to luxury prone,
In folly and faſhion extravagant grown,
Pretended ſhe'd got an old reck'ning to pay,
And could wipe off the ſcore if her daughter drank tea.

By the invoice the girl at an inſtant could ſee,
If ſhe took to the goods a hard bargain 'twould be;

So

And as ſoon as the cargo was brought to the Key,
In a paſſionate air toſs'd it into the ſea.

At this impudent freak the old Lady was ſtirr'd,
She gave her command, and revenge was the word;
Reſolv'd if ſhe ſtill diſregarded her call,
To force down the poiſon with powder and ball.

"You impudent huſſy, you termagant jade,
"When a powerful foe did your ſuburbs invade,
"Were not my beſt blood and my treaſure expended,
"And were not your ſettlements nobly defended."

In the moſt corrupt kingdom the world ever knew,
Do not wonder, in peace, why freſh taxes enſue;
And you; ſpite of threats, by St. Stephen I ſwear,
From this time a part of ſuch burthens ſhall bear.

"But ſay, is it more than your duty to nouriſh,
"The brat which has caus'd your whole empire to flouriſh?
"And if, cries the laſs cruel meaſures are ſought,
"'Tis twenty to one but you cut your own throat."

"My trade you reſtrain, of my produce you ſhare;
"But don't pick my pocket, for that I can't bear;
"To ſerve you in want I exerted my power,
"The late war will prove it, what would you have more."

"Years ago the ſame maxim you meant to purſue,
"Ill judg'd was the deed, and oppreſſion your view;
"When forgetting the parent, you ſtorm'd like a brute,
"And but for Will Pitt I'd been ſtamp'd under foot."

But this is the language of thoſe near the throne,
To provide for our friends ſomething more muſt be done,
England long has been fleec'd, the Hiberniana drain'd,
And ſupplies from America muſt be obtain'd.

Taxation's a burthen deſtructive of trade,
A plague worſe than ever did Egypt invade,
And England will never get rid of the ſore,
Till ſhe takes up a ſponge, and wipes off the whole ſcore.
Derry down, &c.

THE

THE DEFAULTER's RETREAT.

Tune---The Hounds are all out.

YE hunters ſo bold, who delight in a chace,
Nor dread leaping rivers or rocks;
Attend, whilſt in ſong I endeavour to trace
The retreat of a cunning old Fox,
My brave boys.

The Liv'ry of London, with joy be it told,
Unkennel'd this crafty old *Rex*;
They ruffled his bruſh, and purſu'd him ſo bold,
That he fled fairly over the main.

Tho' to France the defaulter for ſafety may go,
'Tis odds, for the wrongs he has done,
If the huntſmen who rouz'd him, but cry Tally'o,
For his life he will cloſely be run.

Long time on the plains of fair Albion he rang'd,
And fed on the ſweets of the ſoil;
But now the deceiver his climate has chang'd,
And our foes they partake of his ſpoil.

Since London the noble example has ſet,
O let not the ſeaſon ſlip by;
Unite in the hunt, and ſucceſs you will meet,
Such a cauſe never ſuffer to die.

The courſers of Yorkſhire are ready we find,
The worthy Sir George leads the van,
And the Devonſhire lads for the ſport are inclin'd,
For the doctor has drawn out the plan.

Shall Warwickſhire hunters in ſlackneſs be found,
And not the occaſion embrace?
Our fathers of old would have tore up the ground
E'er they'd lag in ſo noble a chace.

Ye counties around, at the call make no ſtand,
Like Britons your courage diſplay;
And chaſe the ſtate vermin quite out of the land,
That aim on its vitals to prey.

A CALL TO THE BUCKS.

Tune.—Rouze, rouze, brother ſportſman.

THE duſk of the evening began to appear,
And Phœbus had juſt ſlided under the ſphere;
But as he withdrew, call'd to pleaſure away,
And recompence make for the toils of the day.

The ſons of bright humour were pleas'd at the hint,
And knew by withdrawing his beams what he meant;
Then ſtrait to the Lodge, for diverſion reſort,
Where Innocence ſmiles at our jocular ſport.

We cheriſh the arts, Unanimity prize,
And make it our rule to be merry and wiſe;
From Unity's band, never ſeen to depart,
For Friendſhip is rooted in each jovial heart.

The Gods at Olympia who over their bowls,
Drank humpers of nectar to gladden their ſouls,
When moiſt'ning their hearts in the fulneſs of glee,
Were never ſo joyous or happy as we.

No party diſputes about matters of ſtate,
Our paſtime annoy, or diſſenſions create;
The prince that once ſaw how our time we employ,
Wou'd barter his crown to partake of the joy.

Ye Worthies attend when the Grand takes the chair,
Ye Foreſters join, and ye Rangers draw near;
May Friendſhip ſubſiſt, and the Bucks' noble band,
A thouſand years hence flouriſh over the land.

On a PLAY-HOUSE being turned into a METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE.

I Sing not of battles, nor ſing of the ſtate,
But a ſtrange metamorphoſe that's happen'd of late,
Which if the comedians of London ſhould hear,
Who knows—it may put the whole body in fear.

Derry down, &c.

Where

Where dancing and tumbling have many times been,
And plays of all kinds by large audiences ſeen;
Theſe wicked diverſions are not to be more,
Poor Shakeſpear is buffetted out of the door.

The ſtory is true, tho' the tale it is ſtrange,
And people might well be alarm'd at the change;
Inſtead of a Dryden, a Johnſon, or Lee,
You nothing but pureſt devotion can ſee.

Behold, where the ſons of good humour appear'd,
The ſcenes are thrown down, and a pulpit is rear'd;
The boxes on each ſide converted to pews,
And the pit all around nought but gravity ſhews.

The muſic's ſweet ſound, which enliven'd the mind,
Is turn'd into that of a different kind;
No comic burletta or French rigadoon,
But all join together, and chant a pſalm tune.

When told that fam'd W--l--y appear'd on the ſtage,
The grave ones began to reflect on the age;
But thoſe in the ſecret approv'd of the caſe,
For 'twas done to drive Satan away from the place.

If through the land this example ſhould take,
A ſtrange reformation it ſurely would make;
All writings dramatic would certainly ceaſe,
If COVENT. and DRURY ſhould catch the diſeaſe.

Derry down, &c.

ON SIR CHARLES HOLT's ELECTION.

Tune---Nancy Dawſon.

COME all ye ſons of liberty,
In worſt of times, who dare be free,
In chorus nobly join with me,
My ſtory claims attention
'Twixt freedom's ſons and lordly pow'r,
Which aim'd our birth-rights to devour
So hard a conteſt ne'er before
Can Engliſh records mention.

'Twa

'Twas on the plains of Warwickſhire,
Where many thouſands did appear,
In fact the fight was ſo ſevere,
It ſtruck the land with wonder.
The Reds had long the upper ground,
Yet to their ſorrow quickly found,
The Blues were lads whoſe hearts were ſound,
And never would knock under.

When ſeven days were fairly fled,
The Red began to droop his head;
On freedom's ſoil the courtier bred,
No laurels could be reaping:
Vexation hung upon his face,
His friends bemoan'd his wretched caſe,
Much diſappointed left the place,
And went from Warwick weeping.

A legion of the Great ſtept forth,
Proclaiming loud the Placeman's worth;
But not the boaſt of fame or birth,
Could get the work compleated:
For ſpite of all the mighty aid,
Which in the combat was diſplay'd,
The Lords upon their backs were laid,
And gloriouſly defeated.

To Birmingham much praiſe is due,
Her ſons were honeſt, bold, and true;
To action ardently they flew,
And what compleats the ſtory,
They ſcorn'd from juſtice to revolt,
And at each daring baſe inſult,
Like bottom Cocks took * double Holte,
And found the road to glory.

* Plumpers for Sir Charles.

ODE

ODE ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

RECITATIVE.

FOND of the honours that were nobly won,
On German plains by England's darling ſon,
And anxious ſtill to hold his memory dear,
Whoſe manly heart his country did revere,
Britannia, pointing to a ſocial band
Of free-born ſouls, thus gives her fair command:
"Domeſtic broils this day ſhall be forgot;
"Repair with freedom to that happy ſpot,
"Where plenty reigns, and love and friendſhip claim,
"The heart-felt tribute to a Granby's name."

AIR.

Belvoir, from her ancient towers,
Doth the welcome tidings tell;
On her plains and in her bowers,
Peace and ſweet contentment dwell;
Whilſt, to ornament the whole,
In her manſion ſtill we ſee,
That which nobly marks the ſoul,
Engliſh hoſpitality.

Rutland's much-lov'd aged ſire,
Full of goodneſs as of years,
Feels his boſom glow with fire,
And a florid aſpect wears.
Hark! what plaudits rend the ſky!
Grateful tribute proud to pay,
Engliſh hearts in ſongs of joy,
Honour Granby's natal day.

Virtues that divinely ſhone
In a worthy father's breaſt,
Are implanted in the ſon,
And already ſtand confeſt,

When

When he ſtopt the widow's ſighs,
Truth the godlike action tells;
"Bleſt humanity, ſhe cries,
"In a *Manners* ever dwells."

SONG.

Here Britain's true friends that reception ſhall find,
Which gladdens the heart, and enlivens the mind;
From neighbouring counties the grave and the gay,
Well-pleas'd with the ſummons, ſhall trip it away,
And ven'rable ſires, as the hours glide along,
In drinking grow mellow, and feel themſelves young.

The friends to fair ſcience, arts, commerce, and trade,
Will freely aſſemble, the pleaſure to aid;
The fair ones advance to embelliſh the ſcene,
Whilſt wit, love, and laughter, unitedly reign;
And ruddy-fac'd peaſants their labour throw by,
And eagerly run to partake of the joy.

The vet'ran whoſe heart is a ſtranger to fear,
And dreaded no hardſhip if Granby was near,
When hearing the cauſe of theſe jubilee joys,
Will find in his boſom freſh tranſports ariſe,
And fir'd at ſo truly reſpectful a name,
A fondneſs diſcover his love to proclaim.

Ye lovers of mirth to the banquet reſort,
For Comus at Belvoir this day keeps his court:
Ye Worthies of Framland, come taſte of the cheer,
No care will intrude, all be harmony here;
Her Granby to honour, Britannia bids play,
Her ſons ſmile conſent, and 'tis all holiday.

BIRMINGHAM TRANQUILITY, 1776.

Tune---The Miller of Mansfield.

IN England's fair capital every year,
A tumult is raiſed about chuſing Lord Mayor,
Each party engages with fury and ſpleen,
And nothing but ſtrife and contention is ſeen.

Ye wrangling old cits, let me beg you'd look down,
And copy from Birmingham's peaceable town,
Where ſouls ſixty thouſand or more you may view,
No juſtice dwells here, and but conſtables two.

In no place beſides, that's ſo populous grown,
Was ever leſs noiſe or diſturbances known;
All hands find employment, and when their work's don
Are happy as any ſouls under the ſun.

With hammer and file time is carefully beat,
For ſuch is the muſic of every ſtreet;
The anvil's ſharp ſound is the artiſt's delight,
And ſtamps, lathes, and preſſes in concert unite.

Let cities and boroughs for conteſt prepare,
In chuſing of ſheriffs, recorder, or mayor;
With ſuch kinds of titles they've nothing to do,
Nor diſcord in chuſing of officers ſhew.

The envy and hatred elections bring on,
Their hearty intention is always to ſhun;
No polling, no ſcratching, nor ſcrutinies riſe,
Who friendſhip eſteem muſt ſuch meaſures deſpiſe.

To far diſtant climes doth her commerce extend;
Her channels of traffic admit of no end;
And Birmingham, whilſt there is trade in the land,
For brighteſt invention unrivall'd ſhall ſtand.

BUNKER's HILL, OR THE SOLDIER's LAMENTATION.

Tune---The muffled Bells of Bow and Bride.

I AM a jolly ſoldier,
Enliſted years ago,
To ſerve my king and country,
Againſt the common foe.
But when acroſs th' Atlantic
My orders were to go,

I gri

I griev'd to think that Engliſh hearts,
Should draw their ſwords on thoſe
Who fought and conquer'd by their ſide,
When Frenchmen were their foes.

In drubbing French and Spaniards,
A ſoldier takes delight,
But troops coop'd up in Boſton,
Are in ſo ſad a plight,
That many think their ſtomachs more
Inclin'd to eat than fight,
And like us would be loth to ſtir;
For ev'ry vet'ran knows,
We fought and conquer'd ſide by ſide,
When Frenchmen were our foes.

'Twas on the ſeventeenth of June,
I can't forget the day,
The flower of our army
For Charles town ſail'd away.
The town was ſoon in aſhes laid,
When bombs began to play:
But oh! the cruel ſcene to paint,
It makes my blood run chill,
Pray heaven grant I never more,
May climb up Bunker's Hill.

America to frighten,
The tools of power ſtrove,
But miniſters are cheated,
Their ſchemes abortive prove.
The men they told us would not fight,
Are to the combat drove,
And to our gallant officers,
It prov'd a bitter pill,
For numbers dropt before they reach'd
The top of Bunker's Hill.

I ſhould not be amaz'd to hear
Wolfe's ghoſt had left the ſhades,

To check that ſhameful bloody work,
Which England's crown degrades.
The lads who ſcorn to turn their backs,
On Gallia's beſt brigades,
Undaunted ſtood but frankly own,
They better had lain ſtill,
Than ſuch a dear-bought victory gain,
As that of Bunker's Hill.

Did they who bloody meaſures crave,
Our toil and danger ſhare,
Not one to face the Rifle-men,
A ſecond time would dare.
Ye Britons who your country love,
Be this your ardent pray'r:
To Britain and her colonies,
May peace be ſoon reſtor'd,
And knaves of high and low degree,
Be *deſtin'd to the cord.*

BURGOYNE's DEFEAT ON THE PLAINS OF SARATOGA.

Tune—Chevy Chaſe.

'TWAS in the year of ſeventy-ſeven,
All Britiſh hearts muſt own;
To England's crown fell ſuch miſhaps,
The like was never known.

A mighty, boaſting, Man of War,
To Canada was ſent,
But ſorely vex'd, the chief muſt be,
That e'er he thither went.

Ten thouſand choſen troops he led,
Their valour to diſplay;
Which being told ONE ARNOLD ſwore,
He would diſpute their way.

Where

Where is the rebel that has dar'd,
To mock my words he ſaid;
I'll give the man a thouſand crowns,
That brings to me his head.

'Twas nobly ſpoke, but whilſt the chief,
Of vict'ry was in queſt;
The rebels to his quarters came,
And took away his cheſt.

The cruel fates ſent forth a GATES,
And hard muſt be the taſk,
That of a foe he held ſo cheap,
A man ſhould mercy aſk.

Tune—Highland Laddie.

Were ever Britiſh forces in,
A more diſtreſſed ſituation;
By mortals was there ever ſeen,
A more bombaſtic proclamation;

CHORUS.

Was ever army ſo ſurrounded,
Was ever general ſo confounded!
The boaſter ſtrikes tho' none ſo gallant,
Ever fought by *ſcale of talent.*

They croſs'd the lakes, and ſcour'd the grounds
Stoutly fighting for proviſion;
Till almoſt brought within the bounds
Of *unconditional ſubmiſſion.*

Was ever army, &c.

Full of vigour this vaunting commander ſet out,
And ſwore that he'd ſoon put his foe to the rout;
How the tables were turn'd, when this hero, alas!
Was himſelf taken up, and ſent home by a paſs.

Derry down, &c.

To make his way over a wild wilderneſs,
He ardently ſtrove, but in vain did he preſs;
On *retrograde motions* was given to frown,
Nor danger beheld till a TUMBREL broke down.

'Twas ſaid in the place where wiſe ſenators meet,
That the rebels ſhould bend at the miniſters' feet;
On ſuch like affairs, only think how abſurd,
It muſt be for a man to be worſe than his word.

Ye humble addreſſers who crave blood and ſlaughter,
In readineſs yet to go over the water;
Your lives and your fortunes you've promiſed the King,
I wiſh in the end you don't give him the ſling.

The man years ago who his country betray'd,
Of this ruinous war, has been plac'd at the head;
And whilſt he keeps ſcheming, and dreaming of wonders!
Each ſeaſon brings on a ſucceſſion of blunders.

PRESCOT's BREECHES: or, the OLD SOLDIER's VOYAGE to AMERICA.

Tune—The Chace of Killruddy.

WE ſet ſail from *Portſmouth* on Candlemas-day,
The wind at North-eaſt, and a moderate ſea;
In forty-four hours of the Channel got clear,
And when under convoy, what had we to fear?
We ſtopt for proviſions a few days at *Cork*,
Then making the beſt of our way to *New York*,
In leſs than ſix weeks the *Atlantic* got o'er,
And wrought in good health the *American Shore*.

For more than two months in the *Jerſeys* we lay,
When we'd nothing to eat, then we haſted away;
And whilſt *England* through, expectations beat high,
That HOWE would by thouſands the *Rebels* deſtroy;
When juſt at thoſe troops he had taken a peep,
Who before were compar'd to an army of *ſheep*,
He took 'em for *wolves*, turn'd his back, chang'd his tone,
And thought the beſt way was to let 'em alone.

Now

Now up the *Cheſapeak* gently we ſteer,
Then back to *New York*, in a woundy career;
Wonders CORNWALLIS's veterans reap,
Whilſt CLINTON and WASHINGTON play at bo-peep;
I pity poor PRESCOT, his caſe muſt be hard,
To be nabb'd in his quarters, but where was his guard?
One would think his whole *Corps* muſt be dead or aſleep,
Or he'd not been ſo eaſily haul'd o'er the deep.

The chief from his bed, when commanded to riſe,
With horror was ſtruck—you may gueſs the ſurprize,
And doubtleſs might think, ere he wak'd from his fright,
When ent'ring the boat, in the dead of the night,
That the *Fates* had determin'd his doom ſo to fix,
And old *Charon* was wafting him over the *Styx*;
More unpolite uſage ſure never was known,
Not to ſtop, juſt to let him his BREECHES ſlip on.

I wiſh from my heart the contention was o'er,
I long to approach my own country once more;
For plaguy hard *biſcuit*, *ſalt pork*, and *ſour crout*,
Never pleaſingly go down an *Engliſhman's* throat.
Ye beer-drinking ſouls, who, in moiſt'ning your clay,
Fight *battles*, ſtorm *forts*, and croſs *lakes* every day,
Pity the SOLDIER that's ſent to theſe parts,
And drink to the welfare of all honeſt hearts.

THE DIABOLIAD.

"WHEN PLUTO, as told,
Grew amazingly old,"
As much from his death was to fear;
That doubts might be quell'd,
A council was held,
A ſucceſſor to vote for the chair.

Amongſt the directors,
Sat many contractors,

Who to favour had artfully crept in;
With clippers and coiners,
And ſtate underminers,
All eclips'd by a Baſtard of Neptune.

Many hundreds apply'd,
Who at Tyburn had dy'd,
Yet all in their efforts were foil'd;
John the Painter had friends,
And a ſmall ſhew of hands,
Were in favour of Jonathan Wild.

After many hours ſpent,
On this ſpecial intent,
And what can their buſ'neſs controul?
A whiſper went round,
That on earth might be found,
By far the beſt qualify'd ſoul.

The firſt that was nam'd,
Was that Hero ſo fam'd,
Who at MINDEN high honours did gain;
A legion, at leaſt,
His merit confeſt,
And loudly they ſhouted G---M---N.

Lord GEORGE bore the ſway,
'Till the *Knight* urg'd his plea;
In favour of each much was ſaid:
And which of the two,
To elect they ſcarce knew,
For orders they'd both diſobey'd.

GUY FAUX, thro' miſtake,
Was got into the *wake*,
Who it ſeems by his *Lanthorn* was known:
But in point of reſpect,
JEMMY TWITCHER, in fact,
Is before him a thouſand to one.

'Ere the *Log-book* was clos'd,
Captain H—D was propos'd,

And

And others of hearts truly callous;
Jolly DICK was well ſpoke of
JOHNNY STRUTT made a joke of,
And ſome for Lord M——— were zealous.

But the Devil, 'tis ſaid,
Uplifted his head,
As warm in debating they grew;
And ſwore, by the *Styx*,
Diabolical tricks,
Center'd moſt in the breaſt of Sir HUGH.

Tho' great his promotion,
The Sons of the Ocean,
For a *Meſſmate* no longer will have him;
As an *Out-caſt*, they've now,
Set a mark on his brow,
And the *Morning-Poſt Parſon* can't ſave him.

ANGARA's DEFEAT: or, the BRITISH FLAG TRIUMPHANT.

WITH party away,
Let none dare to ſay,
But all Britain's true hearted ſons,
Their voices will raiſe,
To ſing in the praiſe,
Of thoſe who have well drubb'd the DONS.

In anxiety keen,
Had the kingdom long been,
From the waves ſomething noble to hear;
The time is now come,
Bold Britons ſtrike home,
And joy in each face muſt appear.

Gallant RODNEY, who'd not,
More than three weeks been out,

To

To make much of a ſhort winter's day;
Like the old Engliſh HAWKE,
No ſeaſon would baulk,
But inſtantly darts on his prey.

Tho' tempeſts did roar,
And near a lee-ſhore,
No danger could ruffle his brow;
And treating with ſcorn,
Putting things off till morn,
Cry'd, "Well try it out handſomely now."

Of the line five they claim,
Ships as fine as e'er ſwam
One burnt, and two daſh'd on the ſhore:
Three Capuchin Friars,
Much againſt their deſires,
This important event did deplore.

The bold Britiſh Chief,
To our foes bitter grief,
Like a veteran tar did engage;
And as Fame truly ſings,
Clipt the * *Phœnix's* wings,
And made the old bird ſhift his cage.

Since the DONS are in crib,
And ſecur'd is old GIB,
Let gladneſs in every breaſt reign;
Your glaſſes then fill,
That Britain may ſtill,
Her empire preſerve on the main.

* Name of the Spaniſh Admiral's Ship.

CRUITING SONG, on the Commencement of HOSTILITIES with the FRENCH.

Tune---Come then all ye ſocial powers.

COME ye lads that wiſh to ſhine
Bright in future ſtory,
Haſte to arms, and form the line,
That leads to martial glory.

CHORUS.

Charge the *muſquet*, point the *lance*,
Brave the worſt of dangers;
Tell the bluſtering ſons of France,
That we to fear are ſtrangers.

Britain, when the LION's rouz'd,
And her FLAG is rearing,
Always finds her ſons diſpos'd.
To drub the foe that's daring.
Chorus---Charge the muſquet, &c.

Hearts of oaks, with ſpeed advance,
Pour your naval thunder,
On the trembling ſhores of France,
And ſtrike the *world* with wonder.
Chorus---Charge the muſquet, &c.

Honour for the *Brave* to ſhare,
Is the nobleſt booty;
Guard your coaſts, protect the Fair,
For that's a BRITON's duty.
Chorus---Charge the muſquet, &c.

What if *Spain* her aid imparts,
And forms a baſe alliance;
All unite, and *Britiſh* hearts
May bid the world defiance.

CHORUS.

Beat the *Drum*, the *Trumpet* ſound,
Manly and united;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And ſee your *Country* righted.

The

The DEFEAT of D'ESTAING at SAVANNAH.

Tune---Over the Hills and far away.

HARK! from o'er the Weſtern main,
Fame exulting ſpreads her wing;
Britons catch the welcome ſtrain,
And fir'd with joy this chorus ſing:

CHORUS.

Proud the *Gallic Cock* was grown,
But that pride is coming down;
Britiſh valour cuts his comb,
And drives the *Traitor* bleeding home.

Rolling o'er the raging ſea,
Came the vile inſulting foe,
Vowing in his wrath that he,
Would ſtrike a deep and deadly blow.
Chorus---Proud the Gallic Cock, &c.

To menaces before unknown,
This was every veteran's cry,
"Sooner than give up the town,
Before the walls we'll bravely die."
Chorus---Proud the Gallic Cock, &c.

Now the balls from ramparts play,
A dreadful carnage ſoon appears;
But lo! the bluſtering COUNT gave way,
For low were laid his Grenadiers.
Chorus---Proud the Gallic Cock, &c.

Manfully the brave PREVOST,
Gallia's boaſted Chief fell on;
Stript the laurel from his brow,
And fixt the branch upon his own.

CHORUS.

Proud the *Gallic Cock* was grown,
But that pride is coming down;
Britiſh valour cuts his comb,
And drives the *Traitor* bleeding home.

THE

The JERSEY EXPEDITION.

CHRISTMAS gambols to make, being valiant and ſtout,
The French on a viſit to Jerſey ſet out,
And met with that holiday kind of reception,
So droll the account it exceeds all deſcription.
Derry down.

For *extra production*, ſince types were firſt ſet,
There never was ſeen a more curious GAZETTE;
Not dreaming of harm in the dead of the night,
The chief was caught napping, and wrote in a fright.

Eight hundred were landed the beſt accounts ſay,
And got to St. Helier's before break of day;
But in a few hours, to believe they were taught,
'Twas the much deareſt market-place ever they fought.

For when his brave troops, the bold PIERSON led on,
Tho' the gallant youth fell, ſoon the battle was won;
Nay, all were, it ſeems (and what more could be ſaid)
Kill'd, wounded, and taken—*the reſt away fled.*
Derry down.

Tune—That miracles never will ceaſe,

To St. Maloe's was ſent an expreſs,
Illuminate now was the word;
The people could do nothing leſs,
Such joy did the tidings afford:
But here lies the cream of the jeſt,
The boaſter a ſecond time writes:
"'Tis all a mere farce I proteſt---
"Pray, gentlemen, put out your lights."

The Britiſh Commander was taken;
The Frenchman, to watch cloſely o'er him,
And thinking to ſave his own bacon,
His captive had plac'd right before him;
A markſman obſerving what ſtate,
The poor frighted Col'nel was in,
Let fly through the *Governor's* hat,
And took off the *Frog-eater's* chin.

From ſuch a kind ſhot, I'll be bound,
'Tis more than a hundred to ten,
So deep and ſo deadly the wound,
He'll never want ſhaving again:
So here ends this Quixote affair,
The Frenchmen paid dear for their frolick;
For hundreds were drove to deſpair,
And dy'd of *a leaden-ball cholic.*

The STATE BEGGARS.

OF all the jolly *Beggars*,
That grievances relate,
There's none, I trow, like thoſe who go
A begging for the *State*.
And a begging we will go.

If *Stateſmen* loſe an *Empire*,
How can we blame the men,
Who uſe their might, to beg and fight,
To get it back again.
And a begging, &c.

Lord NORTH ſhall ſtill be counted,
The foremoſt of the train,
For begging more, than all the poor,
Of *England* would maintain.
And a begging, &c.

He begg'd for *Sixty Millions*,
The flames of war t'increaſe;
And when he could not have his end,
He begg'd and pray'd for peace.
And a begging, &c.

The KING, his debts to maſter,
As well as aſk for more,
A begging went---and PARLIAMENT,
Clear'd off the Royal Score,
And a begging, &c.

Whe

When GILBERT mov'd, that *Placemen*,
Should have their pay reduc'd,
Like JOLLY DICK, they all turn'd ſick,
And begg'd to be excus'd.
And a begging, &c.

Whilſt TAXES are increaſing,
The kingdom will complain;
To ſtop this plague, the people beg,
But always beg in vain.
And a begging, &c.

For loſs of many thouſands,
Were *Stateſmen* to atone,
Let *Jack Ketch* fix the rope on SIX,
And all the work is done.
And a begging we will go.

JOLLY DICK and JEMMY TWITCHER.

A DIALOGUE.

Sung to the Tune of, The Jovial Beggar.

TWO STATESMEN, who were ſeldom known,
At *Church* the knee to bend,
A conſultation held, to learn,
A *Faſt-day* how to ſpend.

The one, 'tis known, a *Chaplain* kept,
Of *India's* ancient breed;
A *Monkey*, which, if fame ſays true,
Did grace at table read.

His ſervice to the country round,
Such laughter did afford,
'Tis ſcarce yet clear'd, who's moſt rever'd,
The *Chaplain* or his *Lord*.

Now RIC HARD was a jolly dog,
Of little thought or care;
Though, like his friend, he prayers diſdain'd,
No man could faſter ſwear.

Full well 'tis known, their private hours,
Until this pious age,
A bottle and a bawdy ſong,
Did frequently engage.

This gloomy ſervice, ſure, ſays Dick,
But little time will laſt;
Tho' bound t'obey, I cannot pray,
And d—n me if I faſt.

At ſo much rank hypocriſy,
One can't tell what to ſay;
For *Government*, is firmly bent,
To *fight* as well as *pray*.

Says RICHARD, fain I'd keep this day,
As you, JEM, keep each Sunday;
At large to roll, and ſoak my ſoul,
In *Claret* and *Burgundy*.

But here, in this religious farce,
Lies all the ſeeming evil,
We can't attend, at church to bend,
Unleſs we cheat the DEVIL.

To diſoblige ſo good a friend,
Quoth JEM, I ſhould be loth;
Nor would I fling, or jeer the king,
But ſtrive to pleaſe 'em both.

Between ourſelves, I think, cries DICK,
The buſineſs may be done;
I'll do a part, with all my heart,
If you'll the robes put on.

The plan took place, the PEER was pleas'd,
'Twas droll the ſcene to ken;
So PUG was out of orders kick'd,
And RICHARD ſaid, *Amen*.

SO

DROITWICH ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

Tune—'Twas in ſultry Summer Weather.

CONTESTS holding in deriſion,
Seldom croſt with cares or fears;
DROITWICH has no oppoſition,
Known for more than thirty years.

Thoſe who covet noiſe and bluſter,
Envy, ſpite, and party ſpleen;
et 'em ſpend their days at WOR'STER,
No ſuch doings here are ſeen.

ark what ſhouts are now reſounding,
LADS and LASSES great and ſmall;
ll in joy the GEORGE ſurrounding,
Honour friendſhip's annual call.

you ſearch the Kingdom over,
Tell me where's the BOROUGH TOWN,
om the ORKNEY ISLES to DOVER,
That more ſpecie pays the Crown.

iny BURGESSES has DROITWICH,
Better fit for PARLIAMENT;
ian the greater part of thoſe which
CORNISH BOROUGHS repreſent.

er free, and always ready
Truth and Juſtice to defend;
neſt, chearful, true and ſteady,
To their COUNTRY, KING, and FRIEND.

en to crown this happy meeting,
ınd the joyous cauſe ſupport;
npers cloſe with---not forgettting—
OOT nor BRANCH of WHITLEY COURT.

BIR.

BIRMINGHAM RECRUITS.

FIFE and DRUM afford enjoyment,
And what trade ſo briſk appears;
As that ſpirited employment,
Beating up for VOLUNTEERS.

Mark thoſe youths parading yonder,
Scarcely one turn'd ſixteen years;
Curſing fate becauſe their under,
Standard proof for VOLUNTEERS.

LADS as tight as coat can cover,
BIRMINGHAM for ſervice rears;
Not a TOWN from TWEED to DOVER,
Sends the King more VOLUNTEERS.

Scorning in the cauſe to waver,
Sworn to go where glory ſteers;
FORTUNE will for ever favour,
All true hearted VOLUNTEERS.

BUDGET DAY.

Tune—Duſky Morn.

OLD ſcores to pay, we've been ſo much
Accuſtom'd to unſtring,
That Budget-day comes ev'ry year,
As regular as ſpring.

Full twelve ſcore millions of good pounds
JOHN BULL is ſaid to owe;
But how or when 'tis to be paid,
Is what I wiſh to know.

A cent'ry paſt JOHN's family
Was not a pin in debt;
How ſtrange to think that ſtill we find,
The ROGUE can credit get.

In troth about the principal,
I little have to ſay,
For that our able ſtatesmen leave
Poſterity to pay.

'Tis true, they tell us, taxes muſt
Be had at any rate;
But tell me why ſhould trade be made
The pack-horſe of the ſtate.

We're tax'd, we know, from head to toe,
And ſpite of tears and pray'rs,
Hard-hearted BILLY truly not
A female ſervant ſpares.

All ſumptuous kind of luxuries,
The weight clap freely on,
But from good will, I beg dear BILL,
You'd let the girls alone.

A poll-tax once, old hiſt'ry ſays,
Created bloody ſtrife;
By TYLER WAT, an inſolent
Exciſemen, loſt his life.

What ſhame to think, the dogs to touch
No budget ſtrokes are meant!
For ſhops when they, are made to pay,
Who cannot pay their rent.

And if th' increaſe of bankruptcies
Does not his hand abate;
He'll hamper trade, until he's made
A bankrupt of the ſtate.

On the SPEAKER's CASTING VOICE AGAINST FORTIFICATIONS.

Tune—Hearts of Oak are our Ships.

TO the man let a bumper go chearfully round,
Who firmly maintains conſtitutional ground;
And party deriding, when put to the teſt,
Speaks out what he thinks for his country is beſt.

CHORUS.

When the LION is rous'd, and to arms BRITAIN calls,
A fig for INVASIONS,
Or FORTIFICATIONS,
Old England's defence is her brave WOODEN WALLS.

By thoſe who for FORTIFICATIONS declare,
Have too many caſtles been built in the *air*;
Rever'd be his name who his caſting-voice gave,
Enormous expences the kingdom to ſave.

To ſuch at all times though the number be few,
The warmeſt applauſe from their country is due,
Point blank was MACBRIDE, who his foe oft has foil'd,
And BASTARD is Old England's *natural Child*.

May thoſe on true worth who diſdain to look cold,
His merit reward with an anchor of gold;
And CORNWALL who never his high truſt abus'd,
Soon ſee CORNISH MEMBERS in number reduc'd.

CHORUS.

When the LION is rous'd, and to arms BRITAIN calls,
A fig for INVASIONS,
Or FORTIFICATIONS,
Old England's defence is her brave WOODEN WALLS.

SONG for the BRITISH TARS, on the SAILING of LORD HOWE's FLEET.

Tune---We are the boys, who fear no noiſe,
Where thundering cannons roar.

THE Fort to ſave, the Fleet is gone,
Diſpel all anxious care;
'Tis not a thing in nature known,
For Sailors to deſpair.

The language of our TARS will be,
On *Spain*'s proud coaſt when got:
"We're come, bold RODNEY's game to play;
"Will you fight, ye dogs, or not?"

To *France* and *Spain*, oh grief of griefs!
With all their boaſted might,
Since APRIL laſt, their Naval Chiefs,
No ſtomachs have to fight.

Ye Counties round, your Loyalty,
Now chearfully make known;
And bluſh, ye wealthy *Peers*, to ſee
What CUMBERLAND has done.

If one good ſoul, his zeal to ſhew,
A *Third-rate* ſends from ſhore;
Sure BIRMINGHAM no leſs can do,
Than build a *Sixty-four*.

Should LOWTHER's fire, the Church inſpire,
Whoſe ſpirit ſeldom droops,
The *Biſhops* would build Men of War,
The *Deans* and *Deacons* Sloops.

Now party dies, and diſcord flies,
To glory BRITAIN calls;
Her pride and boaſt---be this the toaſt,
"Succeſs to her WOODEN WALLS."

The BRITISH SALAMANDERS.

Tune---When Summer Days were long and fair.

OLD GIB is ſafe, with care away,
And ſafe return'd the Fleet is;
And truly may each *Briton* ſay,
In ELIOTT no deceit is;
And ſince the fall of ancient *Troy*,
The pride of *Greece* to mention,
No Siege did e'er ſo much employ,
The wond'ring world's attention.

DU' CRILLON to the crown of *Spain*
His ſervices who tender'd,
Preſum'd the day to mention when
The FORT would be ſurrender'd;
But this impenetrable Rock,
For three long years and more,
Unhurt has ſtood the *Bourbon* ſhock,
And ſtill defies her power.

No ſcene could more attention draw,
Fond hope did all inſpire;
And many thouſands went and ſaw,
The atmoſphere on fire:
The GRANDEES, who their *Hoſt* ſurvey'd,
Were ſtruck with melancholy;
And weeping ſtood, to ſee 'em made,
A ſacrifice to folly.

When all in flames their batteries,
Were floating on the waters,
Mount *Ætna* ne'er diſplay'd a blaze,
More dreadful to ſpectators:
What mortal could ſuch uſage brook?
The DONS, and all around 'em,
The Garriſon for men miſtook,
And SALAMANDERS found 'em.

The *Walloon Guards*, when red hot balls,
From ELIOTT's guns were pour'd,
Look'd wiſhful at his ſtubborn walls,
And mercy thus implor'd:---
"'Twixt fire and water who can live?
"For fear we all ſhould loſt be,
"Your help we crave, aſſiſtance give,
"Or burn'd or drown'd we muſt be."

Humanity attends the *Brave*,
By BRITONS ever cheriſh'd;
And many lives did CURTIS ſave,
Which otherwiſe had periſh'd:
The COUNT D'ARTOIS, 'till now cock ſure,
His tone began to alter;
And vow'd he'd never viſit more,
The SIEGE of GIBRALTAR.

From *Cadiz Bay* CORDOVA rode,
The waves in fury ſmiting;
The Britiſh Fleet he dodg'd, but ſhew'd,
No appetite for fighting:
'Gainſt pow'rful odds, for bloody ſcenes,
The *Tars* were all in motion;
A proof that BRITAIN ſtill maintains,
Her *Empire o'er the Ocean*.

At ELIOTT's name, which none conceal,
Each BRITON is delighted;
And Foreigners a pleaſure feel,
To hear his deeds recited:
Then honour pay, with glaſs in hand,
The braveſt of Commanders,
Forgetting not his veteran band,
The BRITISH SALAMANDERS.

ADMIRAL

ADMIRAL PARKER's ENGAGEMENT with the DUTCH FLEET.

Tune---Welcome, welcome, brother Debtor.

ON a ſummer's SUNDAY morning,
Ere the Sun had ſhewn his face,
Gallant PARKER, danger ſcorning,
'Spy'd a ſail, and call'd to chace:
For the *Action* all get ready,
Seeming fear no breaſt beſet;
Chiefs more brave, and *Men* more ſteady,
Never on the *Ocean met*.

Now begins the deadly thunder,
Noiſe and rage diſturb the flood:
Bullets rending limbs aſunder,
Every deck runs down with blood:
Stout the veſſels, great the ſlaughter;---
Many from the bloody fray,
Lay like *Wrecks* upon the water,
Maſts and rigging tore away.

Cloſe and fierce began the firing,
Briſkly anſwering gun for gun,
Every moment lives expiring,
Not a ſhip attempts to run:
Forty minutes and three hours,
Did this dreadful combat hold;
And of two contending powers,
Which prevail'd, could ſcarce be told.

FAME, to honour each bold *Sailor*,
Thro' the world ſhall make it known,
On the waves, that Britiſh Valour,
Never more conſpicuous ſhone;
From his Colours no one ſhrinking---
But upon the *ſtormy main*,
DUTCHMEN ſaw the HOLLAND ſinking,
Ne'er, alas! to riſe again.

Tho'

Tho' no *Conqueſt* great is ſounded,
Let the heart of pity crave,
Speedy comfort for the wounded,
For the dead, a wat'ry grave!
COMMERCE, at the conflict weeping,
Cries, My SONS, your rage give o'er;
Faith in *Treaties* henceforth keeping,
Cloſe the *Breach*, and war no more.

BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANT! on the GLORIOUS VICTORY of APRIL 12, 1782.

Tune---All ſhall yield to the Mulberry Tree.

BEHOLD from afar, what glad tidings are brought,
What glorious exploits in the *Indies* are wrought;
The darling of *Neptune*, of *Britain* the pride,
Strikes terror to *France*, and her ſchemes has annoy'd.

CHORUS.

All ſhall yield to thy maritime ſway,
Bleſt *Britannia* homage pay;
Gallia's proud Sons ſhall trembling own,
The glorious deeds by *Britons* done,

Of *Ruſſell's* atchievements, tradition may boaſt,
And tell at *La Hogue* how his fleet ſwept the coaſt;
But the honours which RODNEY ſo nobly has won,
All the deeds of the fam'd *Ninety-two* has out-done.
Chorus---All ſhall yield, &c.

In the late glorious war, noble conqueſts were made,
And *Saunders*, and *Hawke*, Britiſh valour diſplay'd;
They fought, and they conquer'd, true glory to ſhare,
But the Glory of RODNEY is paſt all compare!
Chorus---All ſhall yield, &c.

The Sun never witneſs'd, till this riſing year,
A conteſt ſo laſting, ſo cloſe, and ſevere;
The ſtouteſt built veſſels the world e'er beheld,
To ſtrike to the brave *Britiſh Flag* were compell'd.
Chorus---All ſhall yield, &c.

Unpitied

Unpitied her folly ſhall *Gallia* mourn,
Her *Fav'rite* is captur'd, her *Lillies* are torn;
Her hopes are defeated, her ſchemes have been croſs,
And her GRAND NAVAL CITY for ever is loſt.

CHORUS.

All ſhall yield to thy ſovereignty,
Bleſt *Britannia*, bend to thee;
Matchleſs and free, thou ſtill ſhalt be,
And miſtreſs reign of every ſea.

The TRADING WAR: or a DIP in the LOAN.

Tune---Liberty Hall.

TO get a ſnug penny, ſince fighting began,
The *War* to encourage, ſeems far the beſt plan;
For *War* is a *Trade*, I'll uphold it, by which,
Tho' thouſands grow poor, many hundreds get rich.

What ſoul that has taſted the ſweets of the *Loan*,
But wiſhes next year the ſame work may go on?
And the deeper a Man is concern'd in the *Trade*,
The ſooner his fortune is ſure to be made.

The graſping *Contractor*, the war to promote,
Each year for the laviſh of Millions will vote;
For *Taxes*, to thoſe who the plunder enjoy,
Are *Pills* of that nature, which never can cloy.

Rebellion to cruſh, when the HOWES were employ'd,
A point of the utmoſt concern to decide,
If rumour ſays true, all the fear that was ſhewn,
Was that of their doing the buſineſs *too ſoon*.

One ARNOLD, for fighting, the cudgels took up,
After making his thouſands, he makes a dead ſtop;
Then turning about, cries, "the *Raſcals* are poor,
"I'll e'en turn my *Coat*, 'tis the way to get more."

Preferring

'referring *hard Dollars* to *Congreſs-drawn Notes*,
He'll fight, like a *Swiſs*, for *Turks*, *Ruffians*, or *Crouts*;
Whether *Slavery* or *Freedom* AMERICA gains,
'Tis all one to him, ſo the *Pelf* he obtains.

On the waves ſince maneuv'ring has been the chief trade,
Our Fleets little more than drawn-battles have made;
Hard fighting ſeems loſt—for our *Admirals ſay*,
The Enemy always *manœuvre* away.

Through life thus by *Actions*, 'tis clearly diſplay'd,
That War, like Religion, is too much a *Trade*;
And our Chiefs, like the Clergy, ſo eaſy are grown,
The more they are paid, the leſs buſineſs is done.

When the *Budget-ſcene* opens, in haſte to ſubſcribe,
Away run the ſordid of every tribe;
For the *Patriot* themſelves, like the greedy *State-quacks*,
Of the Spoil thus devour'd, very fain would go ſnacks.

In this *Trade*, like others, 'tis Int'reſt that ſways,
And happy the man who the PREMIER can pleaſe:
From *Lucre* there's nothing the mind can controul;
'Tis Int'reſt, ſelf-int'reſt, that governs the whole.

The INS and OUTS: or, the STATE JOCKIES.

Tune---Cæſar and Pompey were both of them horned.

WHAT a noiſe has there been, what a confounded pother,
About the State Jockies, who jockey each other;
The *In* and *Out* buſtle of ſtate a mere race is,
Where all, jockey-like, whip to get the beſt places;
And he that is foil'd in his aim does harangue, Sir,
And ſays all before him in juſtice ſhould hang, Sir.

The hindmoſt condemns what the foremoſt is doing,
And cauſe for complaining pretends to be ſhewing;

Yet,

Yet, twenty to one, was he in the ſame place, Sir,
With him that complains, 'twould be juſt the ſame caſe, Sir;
'Tis all rant and rattle—and thoſe who remark it,
Will find as much jockeying at Court as Newmarket.

There is not a Stateſman amongſt all the band, Sir,
But ſays that he acts for the good of the land, Sir;
Yet plain is it ſeen, that ſome patriot pretenders,
Who call themſelves Liberty's glorious defenders,
Do talk, and talk only---for faith the main plan, Sir,
Is to put in their pockets as much as they can, Sir.

Such plauſible guardians our truſt we repoſe in,
Who tell us fine ſtories before they are choſen;
They fawn on the ign'rant, and gull the unthinking,
And come o'er the blind ſide of thoſe who love drinking;
Then after they've purchas'd us, this is the caſe, Sir,
They ſell us again, on a ſeven years leaſe, Sir.

When the *Premier* was routed, for blindly purſuing
Thoſe meaſures which tended to England's undoing;
When fairly convinc'd that we could not be worſted,
By parting with thoſe, who had too long been truſted;
The *Outs* and their *agents* in office were ſeated,
Our fancies were pleas'd, but our hopes ſoon defeated.

At ROCKINGHAM's death, which the land much affected,
Freſh ſcenes of confuſion broke out unexpected;
For ſoon as the Fates to the ſhades had decreed him,
The bone of contention---was who ſhould ſucceed him;
And patriots, who cannot their jealouſies ſmother,
Their union diſſolve, and abuſe one another.

Since *Chriſtians* there are, who for power will ruſh at,
Thoſe things which a *Turk*, or a *Pagan* would bluſh at,
Ye friends to fair commerce, make no heſitation,
With ſpirit purſue the grand work Reformation;
The cauſe of your country, like birds of a feather,
Make one common int'reſt---and all pull together.

In

In Freedom's fair cauſe, then, ye ſouls that are hearty,
Away with the idle diſtinction of party;
Redreſs to obtain, and on ſlavery to trample,
Look, look at Hibernia, and catch the example:
Rouze, rouze, then ye Britons, be bold and united,
By arming alone can you get yourſelves righted.

CAPTAIN CARVER's MILITIA.

TO ARMS, to ARMS, hark! hark the DRUM,
How chearfully it beats, come, come,
In times like theſe to keep at home,
As BRITONS, would degrade us;
Come every jolly heart of gold,
Be active, zealous, ſtout, and bold,
And let our enemies be told,
We dare 'em to invade us.

Amongſt a band ſo brave and free,
Led on by him we fondly ſee,
Who, GRANBY like, cries, "follow me,"
There can be no repining;
The duty nothing can retard,
And he may think his fortune hard,
Who by the *Standard* is debarr'd,
The noble *Corps* from joining.

In *Fifty-nine*, a year we prize,
The new-rais'd, brave MILITIA Boys,
Went thro' their manual exerciſe,
With ſpirit and decorum;
Their efforts were with glory crown'd,
For whilſt they guarded Britiſh ground,
Our veteran *Troops* the world went round,
And conquer'd all before 'em.

See FREEDOM's BANNER pois'd in air,
With ardour to the FLAG repair,
A while leave each domeſtic care,
And ſhew an Engliſh ſpirit:
Our *Country*'s love ſhall be our aim---
By gaining that, we juſtly claim,
The greateſt honour, brighteſt fame,
A *Britain* can inherit.

So much his troops his preſence chears,
When CARVER at the head appears,
No lad but in his boſom wears,
A heart with glory fir'd:
Obedient to his generous call,
We'll boldly follow, one and all,
Return with joy, or bravely fall,
What more can be requir'd?

The OLD KING's GHOST.

Tune---Teague's Ramble to London.

THE clock had ſtruck twelve, old Morpheus's hour,
Who half the globe over aſſumes his dark power;
All diſmal and gloomy the Heavens appear'd,
And nothing but howling of Curs was there heard;
When lo! on a ſudden, acroſs Palace-yard,
A SPECTRE, that terribly frighten'd the Guard,
Advanc'd within reach of his Majeſty's ear,
Who was wak'd from a dream that his Grandſire was near.

Start not that I come, for my Bones could not lie,
At reſt when the groans of the Land pierce the ſky!
To warn you thoſe infamous people to ſhun,
Who near to deſtruction the Kingdom have run;
ENGLAND never appear'd with a Monarch more bleſt,
Than when in my Grave I was firſt laid to reſt;
But O, what a horrible change has took place,
To the ſhame of the Crown, and the Nation's diſgrace.

At

At Council-board why did you cauſe to appear,
The Man whom you knew I forbid to come there?
Why remov'd were my old ſteady friends from the helm,
For thoſe who the Country with Troubles o'erwhelm?
No more by falſe hopes be deluſively fed,
By wicked advice be no longer miſled;
Let the voice of the people your notice excite,
And make their affection your princely delight.

At thoſe have your Miniſters levell'd their ſpleen,
Whoſe Commerce to cheriſh their plan ſhould have been;
To CHATHAM's advice had they paid due regard,
The FRENCH to inſult you would never have dar'd;
Neutral powers combining no good aſpect wears,
Your Iſlands are falling, your Merchants in tears;
Humanity bleeds at the tales that are told,
Or I from the Shades in this form had not ſtroll'd.

From Council that taught you to tread on falſe ground,
The vitals of ENGLAND receiv'd a deep wound;
Reflect on the War, think what lives it has coſt,
Your Empire diſmember'd---AMERICA loſt!
Could nothing ſuffice but a ſlaviſh ſubmiſſion,
The creed which had birth in a Scotch Inquiſition?
A much injur'd Land loudly calls for redreſs---
Retract, or by Heavens you'll never have peace.

No Damage occur'd, tho' tremendous the ſight,
Aſſur'd things would alter, the Ghoſt took its flight.
What impreſſion this viſit has had on his mind,
By the change that has happen'd is clearly defin'd.
Then ſadneſs begone, let us wiſh (nor in vain)
That Commerce may find her old channel again;
Hope flatters each boſom---Peace flutters her wing---
Succeſs to OLD ENGLAND, and long live the KING.

The GEORGES: or, LORD SACKVILLE's PROMOTION.

Tune---Puſh about the Jorum.

OF great and glorious Names to ſpeak,
Since *Fame* the ſubject urges
In fighting times, a pride I take,
To ſing about the GEORGES;
For GORDON GEORGE, whoſe life was ſpar'd,
The Mob may rant and tear O,
He's nothing in the ſcale compar'd
To GEORGE, the *Minden Hero*.

When Stateſmen, of unſullied fame,
With honours were inveſted,
By Britons never was a name,
Than SACKVILLE more deteſted:
But now, to *England*'s mighty boaſt,
So much revers'd the caſe is,
The very MAN is honor'd moſt
Who moſt the *Crown* diſgraces.

Alive had brave DUKE WILLIAM been,
He like OLD GEORGE, when fretted,
His *Hat* would kick about, to've ſeen,
This noble Deed *gazetted*:
The public Prints his fame ſhall ſpread,
And make the world acquainted,
That GEORGE GERMAIN a *Peer* is made,
By GEORGE, the *Lord*'s *Anointed*.

GEORGE BRYDGES RODNEY, Fortune's ſon,
Of property *tenacious*,
Amongſt the many wonders done,
He conquer'd *St. Euſtatius*:
The *Auction* o'er, the Britiſh DON,
Behind him left a *Noodle*,
Who loſt the place, whilſt he and VAUGHAN
Were ſinging *Yankee Doodle*.

PAUL

rL JONES may well prick up his ears,
or ſo it is reported;
l rank amongſt the new made *Peers*,
he moment he's converted:
l when *America's* retook,
nd GEORGE for joy gets *groggy*,
ARNOLD ſhall be made a *Duke*,
he *Duke of Saratoga*.

ſurly Sons of Britain's iſle,
ſay ridicule the matter,
lay my life, 'twill make 'em ſmile,
n t'other ſide the water:
hen ſhout, my boys, at GEORGE's name,
And drink his health till mellow;
ld TIME may travel till he's lame,
Before he finds his fellow."

On the PROSPECT of PEACE.

Tune---Now's the Time for Mirth and Glee.

NOW away with pining care,
Sons of Trade for mirth prepare;
Pleaſing ſounds of PEACE repeating,
Make each heart with raptures beating;
WAR has been ſeverely felt,
Blood ſufficient has been ſpilt.

Joy is thro' the kingdom ſpread,
Commerce rears her drooping head;
Merchants, tradeſmen, farmers, factors,—
All but greedy *State Contractors*,
Soon in chearful ſtrains ſhall ſing,
Welcome PEACE, and welcome SPRING.

Whilſt her bleſſings health imparts,
Hear the muſic of the ARTS,

Harmony that never ceases,
Lathes and hammers, ſtamps and preſſes,
All their various powers diſplay,
Concert joining through the day.

Builders, now your plans extend,
To your projects there's no end;
Since your calls for buſineſs doubles,
Rear up Manſions fit for NOBLES:
BIRMINGHAM's immenſe increaſe,
Beſt ſhall tell the FRUITS of PEACE.

CORRUPTION DEFEATED: or the PREMIER ROUTED.

Tune---Give round the Word, diſmount, diſmount.

GIVE round the word, reſign, reſign,
Whilſt freſh appointments are arrang'd;
What heart to joy but muſt incline,
To ſee the gloomy proſpect chang'd.

CHORUS.

In juſtice to an injur'd land,
Of Senators a worthy band,
Reſolv'd to ſtem *Corruption*'s tide;
And all as zealous did appear,
As tho' a CHATHAM had been there,
With a TEMPLE by his Side.

By inſults were the people rouz'd,
Repeated wrongs the land incens'd;
The public truſt has been abus'd,
The *Augean* ſtable muſt be cleans'd.
Chorus—In juſtice, &c.

A generous flame diffuſes round,
And ſtateſmen brighteſt powers employ;
Throughout

Throughout the kingdom, hark! the ſound,
"Reform, reform, is all the cry."
Chorus---In juſtice, &c.

To glorious deeds the land awakes,
And Truth reſumes her genuine ſway;
Her ancient ſeat fair Freedom takes,
And Commerce gladly hails the day.
Chorus---In juſtice, &c.

Deciſive meaſures muſt enſue;
And waft, ye winds, with ſpeed afar,
What Britiſh Councils have in view,
A ſpeedy peace, or glorious war.

CHORUS.

'Twas nobly done—the *Patriot* band,
In juſtice to an injur'd land,
Reſolv'd to ſtem *Corruption*'s tide;
And all as zealous did appear,
As though a CHATHAM had been there,
With a TEMPLE by his ſide.

The NEW ADMINISTRATION, in 1783.

Tune---Hark, hark away, away to the Downs!

LONG had the veſſel of the ſtate,
Experienc'd hard uncommon fate;
Toſs'd till her head above the deep
She found it difficult to keep;
Drove to diſtreſs,
Fears to ſuppreſs,
The miſled Chief, of danger thinking,
Calls out to thoſe,
He once thought foes,
To come and ſave the ſhip from ſinking.

In this diſtracted point of view,
What could, alas! BRITANNIA do?

Neceſſity

Neceſſity alone commands,
A ſpeedy thorough change of hands;
Old as ſhe's worn,
Tatter'd and torn,
Steer'd by a RODNEY, HOWE, or PIGOT,
Piloted right,
She'll go as tight,
As any *copper-bottom'd Frigate.*

By noble SURREY when made known,
A killing queſtion would come on;
The *Premier*, ſeeing danger nigh,
Adjourn, adjourn, was heard to cry:
Never did change,
Appear more ſtrange,
Corruption knows not how to brook it;
The *Treaſury Board*
Has loſt its *Lord*,
Shrunk from the *Bench*, and dead for a ducat.

SHELBURNE does now the rudder guide,
And with him at the helm preſide,
THURLOW and TOWNSEND, CAMDEN, PITT,
And others for the buſineſs fit;
CONWAY commands
The veteran bands,
The great guns RICHMOND keeps in order;
Theſe in the van,
The *Ship* to man,
Not all the powers on earth can board her.

SANDWICH, to England's bleſſed joy,
No longer does the *trident* ply;
The God of waves on Britain's iſle,
Again will ſoon begin to ſmile;
Courage, my Boys,
Commerce will riſe,
Hark! through the land what acclamation;
Vallies around,
The joy reſound,
Succeſs to the *New Adminiſtration!*

ıe COTTAGER's COMPLAINT, on the inıded BILL for enclosing SUTTON-COLDFIELD.

Tune---Oh the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom.

HOW ſweetly did the moments glide,
How happy were the days!
When no ſad fear my breaſt annoy'd,
Or e'er diſturb'd my eaſe;
Hard fate! that I ſhould be compell'd,
My fond abode to loſe,
Where threeſcore years in peace I've dwell'd,
And wiſh my life to cloſe.

CHORUS.

Oh the *time!* the happy, happy *time*,
Which in my *cot* I've ſpent;
I wiſh the *Church-yard* was his doom,
Who murders my content.

My *Ewes* are few, my *Stock* is ſmall,
Yet from my little ſtore,
I find enough for Nature's call,
Nor would I aſk for more!
That word, ENCLOSURE! to my heart,
Such evil doth beſpeak,
I fear I with my ALL muſt part,
And freſh employment ſeek.
Chorus---Oh the time, &c.

What little of the ſpacious plain,
Should power to me conſign,
For want of means, I can't obtain,
Would not long time be mine:
The *Stout* may combat fortune's frowns,
Nor dread the rich and great;
The *Young* may fly to market-towns,
But where can I retreat?
Chorus---Oh the time, &c.

What

What kind of feelings muſt that man,
Within his mind poſſeſs,
Who, from an avaricious plan,
His neighbours would diſtreſs?
Then ſoon, in pity to my caſe,
To Reaſon's ear incline;
For on his *Heart* it ſtamps diſgrace,
Who form'd the baſe deſign.

CHORUS.

Oh the *time!* the happy, happy *time*,
Which in my *cot* I've ſpent;
I wiſh the *Church-yard* was his doom,
Who murders my content.

The DUDLEY RIOT.

Tune---'Twas in the Land of Cyder.

'TWAS at a place call'd DUDLEY,
Where Ruſticks love to revel;
And the daring throng,
With bludgeons ſtrong,
Bring all things to a level.

Theſe ranting *Deſperadoes*,
Were reſolv'd to beat a *Parley*;
For nothing ſure,
Could diſturb 'em more,
Than the ſudden riſe of BARLEY.

If the prices were not lower'd,
They ſwore by the God of Thunder!
They'd fire the *Town*,
Pull the *Caſtle* down,
And all the Country plunder.

When

When COLLIERS turn *Corn-factors*,
This, this is their mode of arguing:
"Five Shillings per ſtrike,
"Come, take what you like,
"The bags we throw into the bargain."

Howe'er the world may take it,
This *downright* way of dealing,
Muſt the *Farmers* ſting,
And the *Maltſters* bring
To a proper ſenſe of feeling.

Ye *Landlords*, on your guard be,
With you ſhould they puſh their quarrels,
Your *Cellars* they'll rake,
And *Foot-balls* make
Of all your *Small beer barrels*.

Ye *Mealmen*, mark the caution,
Since you can't withſtand their power;
When the DUDLEY BOYS,
Begin to riſe,
Your markets begin to lower.

The *Maltſters* they no more value,
Than ſo many *Bottle-ſtoppers*;
When they once ſet on,
With their *Mills* they'll down,
And a bonfire make of their *Hoppers*.

As once upon a time, Sir*,
At the *joke* have many wonder'd,
Two *Rioters* came,
To *Birmingham*,
And in open day-light plunder'd.

* On Michaelmas Fair-Day, 1766, one Man and a Woman went into many of the Grocers ſhops, and ſold cheeſe, bacon, &c. to the populace at what terms they thought proper, and eſcaped being brought to juſtice.

Should

Should any ask the reaſon,
Why the *Town* did not oppoſe 'em?
'Twas when her *Sons*,
Made *Swords* and *Guns*,
But knew not how to uſe 'em.

Tho' COLLIERS ſhouts tremendous,
To ſome may be alarming;
Away with deſpair,
There's nothing to fear,
For the BIRMINGHAM YOUTH are arming.

And about theſe *Regulators*,
Such, ſuch is the talk of the taverns,
When our VOLUNTEERS,
Have pepper'd their ears,
They'll ſcamper away to their caverns,

But as good luck would have it,
No POWDER was expended;
So a trip they took,
O'er *Hockley Brook*,
And thus the RIOT ended.

The COLLIERS MARCH.

Tune---The Staffordſhire Fox-chace.

BRITONS for news upon tip-toe were got,
Longing to hear from OLD GIB—or what not;
The ſummer was over, the ſeaſon unkind,
In *harveſt a ſnow* how uncommon to find;
The times were oppreſſive,—and well be it known,
Hunger will ſtrongeſt of fences break down;
'Twas then from their cells the *black gentry* ſtept out,
With bludgeons, determin'd to ſtir up a rout.

The Prince of the party, who revel'd from home,
Was a terrible fellow, and call'd IRISH TOM;

e brandiſh'd his bludgeon with dexterous skill,
nd cloſe to his elbow waggle'd BARLEY MILL;
nſtantly follow'd a numerous train,
hearful as bold *Robin Hood*'s merry men;
worn to remedy a capital fault,
nd bring down th' exorbitant price of the MALT.

rom *Dudley* to *Walſall* they trip it along,
nd '*Hampton* was truly alarm'd at the throng;
Vomen and children, wherever they go,
houting out, "*O the brave Dudley Boys O!*"
ailors and ſpinners, the cavalcade join,
he markets to lower their ſtatt'ring deſign;
egulation of Conſciences holding in view,---
ut MALTSTERS with *Conſcience* have nothing to do.

ix days out of ſeven poor nailing boys get,
ittle elſe at their meals but potatoes to eat;
or bread hard they labour, good things never carve,
nd ſwore, 'twere as well to be hang'd as to ſtarve:
uch are the feelings in every land,
lothing Neceſſity's call can withſtand;
nd RIOTS are certain to ſadden the year,
When *Six-penny Loaves* but *Three-pounders* appear.

NAVIGATION CONTEST.

Tune---Come ye party jangling ſwains.

NAVIGATORS, haſte, away,
Mark the grand, th' important day;
Since the buſineſs doth remain,
To be ſettled this *Campaign*,
Let which will of Loſs deſpair,
Sure to win the Lawyers are.

Navigation Bills create,
Strange confuſion, ſtrange debate;

Public good, the ſtale pretence,
Mockery is to common ſenſe;
With the OLD, and with the NEW,
Lucre is the only view.

Thro' the chequer'd, fleeting year,
Toil and trouble, hope and fear,
Make the ſpirits ebb and flow,
Sometimes chearful, ſometimes low;
Ever craving is the mind,
True content but few can find.

When the buſy time's at hand,
Mark the ſpeculative band,
Never on the turf were ſeen,
Hearts for ſporting, half ſo *keen*;
All is envy, noiſe, and rage---
'Tis a wrangling, gambling age.

Thus as *Fortune's wheel* goes round,
Smiles and frowns by turns abound;
Time's accounts to ſum up all,
BEGGARS riſe, and BANKERS fall;
Ups and *downs* we daily ſee,
Life is all a Lottery.

NED DENNIS; commonly called, KETCK.

Tune---Moggy Lauder.

WHATE'ER in juſtice may be ſaid,
Of every miſchief aider,
NED DENNIS was as tight a lad,
As ever ſtept a ladder;
To make trade briſk, his life he'd riſk,
And thoughts of danger ſcorning,
Would tell with glee, how many he,
Had ſtrangled in a morning.

But few like him a nooſe could draw,
'Twas practice made him clever;
And ſtrictly to enforce the law,
Us'd every endeavour:
For int'reſt ſake, at *Tyburn-wake*,
Good ſport was wont to nouriſh;
For proud was he, no doubt, to ſee
His buſineſs finely flouriſh.

When LONDON in a blaze was ſeen,
It happen'd his misfortune,
To mix among, a daring throng,
Which made his danger certain:
A harder caſe, ſure never was,
For when the MOB diſcern'd him,
They made him lend, a lifting hand,
Or otherwiſe they'd burn'd him.

So uſeful in his line of life,
And tender in his dealings,
What pity 'twere the world ſhould loſe,
A man of ſuch *nice feelings!*
The *Hanging-trade*, ſince *cords* were made,
Sure never went on faſter;
To crown the plan, *Jack's Journeyman*,
Begs leave to hang his *Maſter*.

Condemn'd he was and loſt his place,
Which worſt of all things griev'd him;
Yet ſoon he made (at COURT, 'tis ſaid)
That int'reſt which repriev'd him:
His fears have ceas'd, his mind's appeas'd,
The rogue the world has cheated;
Contracts for *Ropes*, and lives in hopes,
Of being reinſtated.

When deadly Riots ſhock the *State*,
RELIGION's made the ſubject;
"*No Popery!*" was the luring bate,
But *Plunder* was the object:

Jews, jilts, footpads, and *'prentice lads,*
A glorious combination!
Pull *Chapels* down, and fire the *Town,*
To cry up REFORMATION.

LORD G. GORDON's PROCESSION.

Tune---The Black Joke.

OLD ENGLAND, alas! what is come to thy ſons,
Such rioting over the *Capital* runs,
As never was ſeen in the kingdom before;
A ſtrange ſet of beings as ever were found,
Or known to aſſemble on fair Engliſh ground,
All zealouſly bent, in a body ruſh on,
To make at *St. Stephen*'s their grievances known,
Concerning the progreſs of *Babylon*'s *Whore.*

From the Fields of *St. George,* when ſpeaking, at leaſt,
To ſee Fifty Thouſand march juſt ſix a-breaſt,
The city might well in confuſion be thrown;
Cockades of *True Blue* never more were diſplay'd,
And to grace the proceſſion, the *Bagpipes* were play'd;
A mixture more curious did never appear,
LORD GEORGE in the van, and JACK KETCH in the rear,
Crying, Down, down, with *Popery* down!

As the PEERS were aſſembling this *Riot* begins,
Without bluſhing they broke the *Lord Preſident*'s ſhins,
And the *Biſhops* ſilk robes were ſhamefully tore;
From *Parliament Wigs* clouds of powder flew out,
For bags, and full bottoms, were bandied about,
And GERMAIN very fain would have mended his pace,
When a full pot of *Porter* came daſh in his face,
Who never but ONCE was ſo frighted before.

But, heaven be prais'd, the diſturbance is o'er,
LORD GEORGE ſafe and ſnug, is lodg'd in the *Tower,*
Long waiting for Juſtice to ſettle the caſe:

From

rom hence over *Britain* may harmony reign,
nd *London* the like ne'er experience again;
/hen warring abroad, and diviſions at home,
y beating *Religion*'s fanatical drum,
On the kingdom has brought the greateſt diſgrace.

The STREAM of CORRUPTION.

Tune---Caſſini.

MY ſong is of *Corruption*'s *Stream*,
Ye *Courtiers* all applaud the theme;
For 'tis the ſwelling tide that's known,
To bear all *Oppoſition* down:
Its mighty powers can wonders do;
And this we by experience know,
That few the *Torrent* ever ſought,
But what would wiſh to mend their draught.

A truſty ſervant, nobly bred,
Is ſeated at the fountain head,
Who plies the grand *ſpecific* more,
Than mortal ever did before;
To thoſe diſpos'd his plan t'obey,
So kind his looks, they ſeem to ſay,
"All of the *Stream* ſhall have their fill,
"Who bend obſequious to my will."

Cloſe by him ſits a jolly blade,
Who not a ruſh cares what is ſaid;
Who by degrees from ſipping came,
To dip the deepeſt in the ſtream:
Tho' ſix ſcore pounds, at leaſt, a day,
His profits run, what harm to ſay,
If *ten times* more, he'd on it fall,
And rapidly devour it all.

How happy at the Navy Board,
Sits down her firſt high-honoured Lord!

The wat'ry God, who ſcorns to own,
A *land-bred Admiral* for his Son,
Since that confirm'd ill-fated hour,
Which brought a SANDWICH into power,
On BRITAIN, once his favourite iſle,
Has ſeldom deign'd to caſt a ſmile.

The worſt of ſubjects thoſe we'll deem,
Who aim to ſtop or check the *Stream*;
PROTESTERS come, and join with me,
Diſdain'd be all œconomy;
In vain ſhall Senators debate,
Whilſt *Folly* guides the helm of ſtate,
And *Loans* and *Lotteries* ſwell the tide,
The *Stream* ſhall never ceaſe to glide.

The STAFFORDSHIRE FOX-CHACE.

IN ſeventeen hundred and ſeventy-nine,
The ſeaſon appearing remarkable fine,
For ſport being bent, on the eighth day of *March*,
At day break we roſe, and of game went in ſearch:
Over their bowls other ſportſmen may boaſt,
What dangers they've brav'd, what rivers have croſt;
With us, I'll maintain it, whoever had been,
Would have ſwore, better running there never was ſeen.

We rode to Birch Coppice, and threw off at ſix,
And ſoon on their prey did our nimble pack fix;
Then making for Bentley, the jolly briſk train,
Got ſight of another, and at it again:
Such was the muſic, 'twould do the heart good,
To hear how it echo'd thro' Kingſbury-Wood;
True-hearted *Sportſmen* contending for fame,
In the fleety purſuit of the nobleſt of game.

From Drayton to Bangley, he ſcours it away,
Nor Brockas, nor Weeford, his courage can ſtay;

With

With vigour we follow thro' various ways,
Purſue him to Stonnalh, and dance to the Hayes:
Hilton and Will'ſhall were rouz'd at the charm,
And 'Hampton immediately caught the alarm,
Where artiſts ran out of their ſhops, to embrace,
A peep at ſo hard and uncommon a chace.

The ſweet woods of Tett'nall, and Haughton's high ground,
In concert re-echo'd the joy-giving ſound;
But foil'd in his doubling, and jaded with ſtrife,
Near Penn the intruder ſurrender'd his life:
Thrice in the circle he took to the ſtream,
Twice over the New Cut, and once o'er the Team;
Stout were our ſteeds, but ſo ſpent in their breath,
Not five out of fifty were in at the death.

We boldly purſu'd ſeven hours or more,
The miles that we ran, little ſhort of fourſcore;
Horſes and Hounds, ſo exerted their powers,
The *Chace of Killruddy* was nothing to ours:
Dear for the pleaſure has ſome of us paid *;
The loſs is diſpens'd with, in having it ſaid,
Long as there's *Fox-hunting* ſeen in the land,
Recorded this CHACE ſhall at FISHERWICK ſtand.

The VOLUNTEER's ROUSE, on the call for arming.

Tune—Hark the echoing Horn.

HARK to liberty's call—how it echoes around,
To arms ye bold Britons with ſpeed;
With courage unitedly cheriſh the ſound,
To EXERCISE quickly proceed:
Your much injured kingdom calls loudly for aid,
Surrounded by numerous foes;

* Being the death of ſeveral Horſes.

When

When danger is near, be the Summons obey'd,
A ſin 'twere a moment to loſe.

With heart and with hand in the cauſe we'll unite,
Britannia applauds the deſign;
We've long been oppreſs'd, and to do ourſelves right
Together muſt freely combine:
'Tis liberty's call—can a Britain refrain,
His generous aſſiſtance to lend;
Our country commands, and our utmoſt we'll ſtrain,
So glorious a cauſe to defend.

With envious diſtinction---of party away,
And all be united and free;
Than who ſhould ſeem foremoſt his zeal to diſplay,
Let no other ſtrife ever be:
The SONS of HIBERNIA to danger awake,
Redreſs by ſuch means did inſure;
Purſue the example, ye BRITONS, and make
Your liberties ever ſecure.

CHORUS---*Tune*, The Belle Iſle March.

Then quickly away,
Manly zeal to diſplay,
Haſte, haſte, where the ſtandard of Freedom appears;
In defence of your land
Join the free martial band,
'Tis an honour to rank with the brave Volunteers.

The GOLD COIN ACT.

Tune---That miracles never will ceaſe.

IN country, as well as in town,
Are mortals in miſchief combining;
The talk, from the peer to the clown,
Is now about clipping and coining.

Time

Time was, in relating to GOLD,
All eagerly ſtrove to embrace it;
But now we're ſufficiently told,
The moſt difficult thing is to paſs it.

The poor man who works all the week,
Half a guinea for wages is paid,
With which, his proviſion to ſeek,
The market is quickly ſurvey'd:
The butcher won't part with a joint,
If his caſh is deficient in weight;
The baker maintains the ſame point,
So the man can get nothing to eat.

To a chandler's ſhop I repair'd,
A-raſher of bacon to get;
But ſoon as the ſcales were uprear'd,
To ſee if my piece was full weight:
Cry'd the youth it deficient appears,
There need nothing more to be ſaid,
Then inſtantly took up the ſheers,
And ſnapt through his Majeſty's head.

Not us'd to ſuch inſolent airs,
It could not but ſtrike me with wonder:
But, faith, I laid hold of the ſheers,
And ſnapt his fore-finger aſunder.---
At giving the youth ſuch a *finger*,
I ran off as faſt as I could;
So he loſt the end of his finger,
And I ev'ry bit of my Gold.

The man by his labour that lives,
In his ſtation is happier far,
Than he who his thouſands receives,
And ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.
From Gold care continually flows,
The proverb's been prov'd to a tittle;
Then, boys, let us drink to all thoſe,
Whoſe hearts are content with a little.

TUTANIA

TUTANIA BUCKLES.

Tune—Jolly Mortals fill your Glaſſes.

DISREGARDING wind or weather,
If diſpos'd for ſocial mirth,
SONS of TRADE, when met together,
Are the happieſt ſouls on earth.

By mechanical invention,
Many wonders have been wrought;
But the BUCKLE BRANCH to mention,
Far out-ſtretches common thought.

Conſtantly as PATTERNS vary,
Happy he who well can ſcheme,
Plan, project, ſtrike out and carry
FASHION to the full extreme.

SQUARE made, as a pane of glaſs is,
And as large was once the call:
Now the OVAL that diſplaces;
Forms will change---for Fancy's all.

Some for PINCHBECK, ſome for PLATED,
Some for SOFT WHITE, ſome for HARD;
Every one is over-rated,
With TUTANIA when compared.

But of all the ſtarts of fancy,
Round and ſound heads to equip,
Mortal ſure no droller can ſee,
Than what does the *Brain-pan* clip.

Slouch your beavers, cut the looping,
Fondneſs ſhew for novelty;
Heads who ſtand in need of hooping,
To their minds may ſuited be.

BUCKLES faſhion'd are by many,
Song compoſing reſts with few;
Nature has a Genius ſtampt him,
That compleatly both can do.

All to one good ſoul muſt truckle;
He that does the reſt eclipſe,
Makes a SONG, and forms a BUCKLE,
Whilſt a PIPE's between his LIPS.

Now farewell to vain diſputing,
Of the Evening make the moſt;
FRIENDSHIP, FREEDOM, TRADE, and TUTIN *,
ROUND the BOARD ſhall be the TOAST.

The CONTEST.

Tune—Puſh about the briſk Bowl.

WHEN luxury reign'd, and *court panders* obtain'd,
Rewards for no ſervices done;
Hopes of ſtill greater ſway, caus'd a FATHER to lay
An extra demand on his SON.

Such a plan to uphold, he by many was told,
Would ſoon his own fortune impair;
Britannia in Tears, whiſper'd this in his ears,
Yet all could not make him forbear.

After words had aroſe, he proceeded to blows,
And being with power replete,
Made oath to his friends, that he'd never ſhake hands,
Till the YOUTH was laid down at his feet.

The GALLIC COCK crew, when his ſabre he drew,
And, anxious to cheriſh the fire,
At their wounds and their ſtings, kept clapping his wings,
Better paſtime he could not deſire.

This treacherous foe, to give a bye blow,
Will all opportunities take;
Time has been that MONSIEUR, would have trembled with fear,
If the LION his mane did but ſhake.

Savage Monſters let looſe, did their ſcalping knives uſe,
The *Indians* their *tomahawks* threw;

* The manufacturer of the metal called TUTANIA—a friendly, cheerful companion, and exceedingly fond of a pipe.

Every

Every effort was try'd, *German Butchers* employ'd,
Yet nothing the buſineſs would do.

After millions expended, and no good intended,
Oh! think how it humbled their pride;
When touch'd to the quick, his Adviſers turn'd ſick,
Chang'd colour, recanted, and cry'd.

Falſe friends by his ſide, the STATE RUDDER to guide,
Are dangerous leaders to truſt;
Yet ſtrange as it ſeems, he thoſe beſt eſteems,
Who his property injure the moſt.

Few minds, 'tis well known, to maturity grown,
Imperious commands can endure;
And terms better made, might the PARENT have had,
Than conqueſt can ever enſure.

Then come, ſmiling PEACE, cauſe diſcord to ceaſe,
And all be united and free;
Thy welcome approach, is ſolicited much,
Grant ſoon we the bleſſing may ſee.

The Threeſcore JOLLY ANGLERS.

COME rouze, brother ſportſmen, the clock has ſtruck four,
Let your tackle be ſtout, ſee of baits that you've ſtore;
Worms, maggots, or flies, as the ſeaſon turns out,
To tempt, and to capture, pike, perch, carp or trout.

From Hockley we down to the Furnace-pool ſtrole,
At Benſon's, or p'rhaps at the Slitting-mill troll;
The lakes having ſcour'd, if indiff'rent our luck,
We quit the Broadwaters, and haſte to the Brook.

Tune---The Duſky Morn.

The morn is fair---ſerene the air,
The fields around look gay;
South-weſt the wind---the fiſh you'll find,
Will freely bite to day.
Chorus---And a fiſhing we will go.

O'er hedge and ditch whilſt huntſmen bound,
Alare, Alare, they call;
The peaceful Angler ſteps the ground,
As ſoft as foot can fall.
And a fiſhing we will go.

Eight pounds a fiſh we pike enſnare,
Tho' ſometimes break our twine;
Then think on ſuch delicious fare,
How glorioufly we dine.
And a fiſhing we will go.

Tune---Caſſini.

But though the river has its charms,
As now the country calls to arms,
When threaten'd by furrounding foes,
Their hoſtile meaſures to oppoſe;
What honour would the town obtain,
If threeſcore jolly fiſhermen*,
In one accord with vigour riſe,
To learn their manual exerciſe.

Now ſhould the foe attempt to land,
Obedient to the king's command,
When brandiſhing our rods of ſteel,
The enemy hard blows ſhall feel;
To get redreſs for public ills,
We'll bang the French about the Gills,
The Dutch ſhall in their backs be ſpear'd,
And with our hooks the Dons we'll beard.

When drums in ev'ry lane and ſtreet,
The Jolly Anglers' March ſhall beat,

Threeſcore perſons ſubſcribe each One Guinea per year for privilege of angling in a certain diſtrict.

Fam'd Nimrod's ſons, and Bowlers too,
With envy ſhall the warriors view;
---Singing, as their lines advance---
"Charge the muſquet, point the lance;"
To crown the plan, let England ſee,
That fiſhermen are bold and free.

Then come ye anglers every one,
That able is to bear a gun,
And can the martial art acquire,
To ſhoulder, charge, preſent and fire;
With manly hearts from town we'll go,
Defend ourſelves, ſupport the plough,
Maintain our charter'd rights, and free
From poachers keep our FISHERY.

The BUDGET.

Tune---Shawnbree.

THE BUDGET's diſclos'd---freſh Taxes impos'd,
The more to promote Emigration;
But believe me, good friend, tho' the War's at an end,
No end can be had to Taxation:
The COACH-MASTERS feel, a freſh clog on the wheel,
The DRIVERS (in vain tho' to aſk it)
Wiſh for no better fun, than to SCOTLAND to run,
With Lord NORTH and CHARLES FOX in the baſket.

Our new State-Phyſicians, profound Politicians,
No time in preſcribing have waſted;
Deans, Biſhops, and Proctors, as well as Quack Doctors,
I think of their Pills ſhould have taſted;
Poor Commerce, hard fate, the Pack-horſe of State,
Every year ſtill the ſlower is jogging,
A Paper-tax'd ſlip, is the Parliament Whip,
And Trade they are conſtantly flogging.

Inland

land Bills we ſhall ſee, to a greater degree,
With Government Figures embelliſh'd;
nd a Two-penny ſtroke on Receipts is a joke,
That will not be very well reliſh'd;
ut of thoſe, could the whole, their Receipts have in full,
Who the land have moſt ſhamefully treated,
he Tower-hill ſtamp, all their fury would damp
And the GEN'RAL REFORM be compleated.

CHARLES TOWN BAR: or the Cabinet Council's Lamentation.

A SONG.

Tune---The Sun was in the Firmament.

WHEN vile miſhaps had judg'd it fit,
To hold a Conſultation,
To Council Board in haſte were call'd,
The WISE HEADS of the Nation;
Away from KEW the Monarch flew,
With Viſage wonderous pale Sir,
For 'twas aver'd, he juſt had heard,
A much diſpleaſing Tale, Sir.

A packet from AMERICA,
Demanded much Attention,
Nor wonder if the ſad Contents,
Should bring on ſore Diſſenſion;
For SANDWICH when the News tranſpir'd,
No ſonnet hum'd nor vapour'd;
But felt the Touch, when told how much,
Sir PETER had been pepper'd.

Sure never ſince the Days of BYNG,
Did Britiſh Ships of War, Sir,
In any Enterpriſe ſo fail,
Like thoſe of CHARLES TOWN Bar, Sir,

Tho' near the Shore, twelve Days or more,
Conſulting on the Matter;
The Caſe how ſad, the PILOTS had,
Forgot to plumb the Water.

A FORD in depth two Yards was found,
Inſtead of Eighteen Inches;
But 'mongſt the Britiſh Tars think not,
True Courage ever flinches;
They ſtood the Shot, when Balls red hot,
Their Quarter Decks were ſweeping;
Whilſt CLINTON's Troops could only at,
The Bloody ſcene ſtand peeping.

Thus whilſt our mighty Counſellors,
Were looking out for wonders!
Their calm retirements were diſturb'd,
By unexpected Blunders;
A ſudden rout of courſe fell out,
Among theſe leading grand Men,
For ſome I truſt, the PILOTS curſt,
Whilſt others damn'd the LANDMEN.

The PREMIER like a NABOB rav'd,
Who'd loſt his cauſe at HINDON!
And Lord GERMAIN as ſpeechleſs ſtood,
As on the plains of MINDEN!
Old MANSFIELD ſhook his hoary head,
And thus began to utter,
Should not the HOWES, our minds compoſe,
I fear our Heads will totter.

Addreſs of Condolance to his MAJESTY on the Death of the PRINCESS AMELIA.

WITH the King for the Loſs of his Aunt to condole,
(For Grief that is cruel will pierce to the ſoul)
Lord C-m--n, roſe up, and beg'd leave to expreſs,
This Natural Loſs in a loyal Addreſs.

On

: Treaſury Bench upon many affairs,
)mmon to drop a few crocodile tears;
:w M-nt---e doubtleſs a good ſubject reckon'd,
do nothing leſs than this grand motion ſecond.

hole of this mighty great loſs—be it ſaid,
1 up would puzzle the Miniſters head;
ſtrious virtues 'tis noble to ſpeak,
r large ſums receiv'd compenſation to make.

Majeſty's Speech as 'twas always the caſe,
Echo, ſweet Echo is ſure to take place,
CHOLSON's farce much pallaver brought on,
ne half ſo fulſome as this reach'd the Throne.

)uld think when the general Mourning was o'er,
ioul would have meant to condole any more;
s amiable DAME, to her *praiſe* be it told,
NGLAND her BONES and HESSE CASSEL her GOLD.

STATE TRIAL.

Tune—Myſelf betwixt Bacchus, &c.

: Trial's begun, and I'll venture to ſay,
f pounds ſince the Coſt is three hundred per day,
:aſh they who pocket admire it ſo well,
when it will finiſh no Mortal can tell.

World to convince that of Words he has ſtore,
ſpeaks for the ſpace of five hours or more;
ng as he likes let the Senator prate,
brilliant the Language, long Sermons I hate.

, Sheridan ſpeaks keen attention he draws,
loubtleſs his ſpeaking muſt merit applauſe;
lerit to Viſt'ry is no certain guide,
hapter of Numbers the point muſt decide.

John Bull at the buſtle begins to look ſour,
The Limbs of the Law would his Vitals devour;
Concerning the Begums tho' little he knows,
He feels it his int'reſt the Buſineſs to cloſe.

In future---I ſpeak as an Engliſhman ſhou'd,
On all ſuch Contentions—the Maxim is good;
The public t'would ſerve were the party at large,
Who loſes the Cauſe made the coſt to diſcharge.

The Law is a Bubble---from whence ſeems to ſpring,
More Cheating than ever belong'd to Cheyt Sing;
And thouſands the whole of the Farce when they view,
Will ſay about Nothing, there's been much ado.

The BUDGET worn out.

Tune.---Navigators haſte away.

BRITONS now your murmuring ceaſe,
Let fond hopes your Cares appeaſe,
Though our Burthens have been ſore,
Certainly the worſt is o'er:
Cheer the Heart, and Mirth enjoy,
The Times will mend---I'll tell you why.

Thurlow at the Lord Mayor's Feaſt,
Was ſeated as a welcome Gueſt,
And getting groggy by the bye,
He told the Cits (I hope no Lie)
Inſtead of further aids that he,
A fond reducement hop'd to ſee.

He told it with a merry look,
The Scowl had then his Brow forſook,
Such News what pleaſure to reveal,
(Hang the Man, who ſtole his Seal)
The Times will mend there's not a doubt,
For Pitt has worn the Budget out.

London

London ſpreads the Tale around,
Briſtol echoes back the Sound;
Norwich, Leeds and Birmingham,
Fondly muſt applaud the ſame:
And Mancheſter with joy will ſhout,
That Pitt has worn the Budget out.

'Twas many years ago declar'd,
The Budget had been cram'd too hard,
And ſtraining tho' a growing Sin,
Still more and more to jumble in:
The Shop Tax made a plaguy rout,
And wore the very Bottom out.

The DIVERSION of QUOIT PLAYING.

Tune---The Hounds are all out, &c.

MANKIND will their favourite pleaſures purſue,
The Mind muſt be ever employ'd;
The Fancy to pleaſe is the Motive in view,
And each will his Hobby Horſe ride
My brave Boys.

Some take up their Batts, and the Cricket-ball bang,
Some briſk in the Five Court are ſeen;
Of the Sports of the Field many fondly harangue,
And ſome boaſt the Sports of the Green.

Amuſements are faſhion'd for every age,
And Novelty pleaſure excites;
But we in that old ruſtic paſtime engage,
The manly Diverſion of Quoits.

The Britons of old by this practice we know,
The Brave to the Field did invite;
The ſame nervous Arm that could twang the long Bow,
Was accuſtom'd to throw the broad Quoit.

Tune

Tune—Hark, hark away.

Come, come my Boys to ſport away,
With pleaſing Games we'll crown the Day;
Follow your Sire* ye Social Throng,
See how alert he trips it along;
The wiſeſt Man,
From Nature's plan,
Who pictur'd Life was pleas'd to ſay, Sir,
For every Claſs,
There always was,
A Time to work, and a Time to play, Sir.

The Clock's ſtruck four, the Game begin,
Longer to dally 'twere a Sin;
Off with your Hat, for Partners throw,
Off with your Coats your beſt to do;
Equally match'd,
That's widely pitch'd;
Strive with more edge to ground your Pieces;
Room enough yet,
One lucky hit,
Makes full amends for twenty Miſſes.

Cheer up my Boy, exert your ſtrength,
Study to find a proper length;
Mind your next piece, be ſure be ſtraight,
The beſt by chance are ſometimes beat;
Good, good again,
That makes in ten;
Who at ſuch play can ever grumble;
Fortune forbear,
What luck is there!
See how thoſe Trinkets † roll and tumble.

Now to the Conteſt cloſe attend,
And this will be a glorious end;

* The Father of the Society, a worthy Character, who plays with alertneſs though in the eightieth Year of his age.
† Very ſmall Quoits.

Seven

Seven good Quoits the Hob ſurround,
Not one three inches from it found;
A Toucher here,
Another there,
Drops within the breadth of a Finger,
Who more can do,
That noble throw,
Crowns the Game with a double Ringer.

Lucre our object cannot be,
For Pence a piece we only play;
Tho' but a trifle ſtill the Game,
From all can ſtrict attention claim:
The Feather's fled,
The Hob lies hid,
Cloſe to the Ground the Pieces pin it;
Drawing ſo near,
Many would ſwear!
The virtue of the Loadſtone's in it.

Finding by chance the Weather wet,
Why then we under cover get,
Handing the friendly Cup about,
Until we've drank the Jorum out;
Chearful and gay,
Drink down the Day,
Joining in pleaſant Converſation;
Hearty and true,
All Summer through,
This is our weekly Recreation.

The GAME of FIVES.

Tune---Welcome every friendly Gueſt.

SPRIGHTLY Sons of manly Sport,
Haſte to pleaſures ſpacious Court;
Murmur not how Chances fall,
Firſt ſtrike hands than ſtrike the ball,

Win

Win or loſe at trifling bets,
Laugh'd at be the Man that frets.

Now obſerve the MARKER's call,
Hear him rally Fourteen all,
Down to Five again were ſet,
Six hands in and ſcarce a Let;
Let which will the Victory claim,
'Tis my Boys a well fought Game.

For an Evening's active Sport,
To the ANGEL we reſort,
Where in heart-felt ſportive glee,
Worn down Vet'rans ſmile to ſee;
Youthful vigour tripping round,
Pleaſure's conſecrated Ground.

FIVES amongſt the Sons of Fame,
Was the antient Britons Game,
Mixt with prudence ſtill the wiſe,
Call it healthful Exerciſe;
Ne'er let good old Cuſtoms drop,
Strike the BALL and keep it up.

For our fav'rite Sport at FIVES,
None can blame us ſave our WIVES,
Who perhaps may ſoftly ſay,
Toiling at the cloſe of Day,
On the ſcorching ſandy Ground,
Makes young HUSBANDS ſleep too ſound.

Round the World the Seaſons through,
Youth their various Sports purſue;
Some reſort where Cards are ſeen,
Some the Cockpit, ſome the Green,
Ours againſt the ſtately Wall,
Is to jerk the bounding BALL.

MARBLE PLAYING.

Tune---Now we're free from College Rules.

SOME years ago the ruſtic game
Of FOOT-BALL was the faſhion,
And broken ſhins to merit fame,
Would frequently occaſion;
Variety diverts the mind,
And fancy will be ſtraying,
Elſe, why at preſent do we find
This rage for Marble playing.

Of children's play for men to ſhare,
The ſcene however novel;
MECHANICS meet and merry are,
As beggars in a hovel;
They laugh and ſing---and round the RING,
By turns take off a bumper,
Then eye the ſpot---and give the SHOT,
From TAW a deadly PLUMPER.

Why wonder at the whims of men!
Or any thing they're doing,
When thoſe of THREESCORE years and ten
Are ſchool-boy tricks purſuing;
By way of change to keep it up,
Tho' MARBLES not diſdaining;
Yet now and then to whip a TOP,
May be as entertaining.

In ſummer days 'twill happen ſo
Amongſt a jolly party,
A mile or two from town who go,
And all are free and hearty;
When ſports begin---you'll ſee link'd in
The motley merry buſtle,
Some at CARDS, and ſome at BOWLS,
And ſome at PITCH and HUSTLE.

We're told how once a valiant KNIGHT,
Amongſt the ancient Britons,
To COURT went with a PAPER KITE,
And met with free admittance;
Nay there Sir RICHARD* ſo 'tis ſaid)
The KING not only ſaw, Sir,
But with young GEORGE the honour had,
To play a game at TAW, Sir.

SAM JOHNSON, England's learned ſage,
The prince of letters rated,
At ſixty-ſeven years of age,
With vigour unabated;
By fancy fir'd and fondly brought,
Some boyiſh trick to be at,
Pull'd off his HAT, his WIG, and COAT,
HOP, STRIDE, and JUMP to play at.

What folly can with this compare!
Their ſkill when fairly trying,
BAR SHOTS, NO BACKS, and knuckle fair,
To hear OLD GREY-BEARDS crying;
The human mind is oft beguil'd,
There need no further ſtricture,
And once a MAN, and twice a CHILD,
Of life's the real picture.

The STATE PENSIONERS.

Tune---Strange rumours of War, &c.

THAT miracles never will ceaſe,
Is what we are frequently told;
And do not theſe whimſical days
What's marvellous often unfold?

* Sir Richard Perrott, Knight of the black Eagle, who went with an addreſs to the Prince of Wales.

A won-

A wonderful change in the ſtate,
Was ſome months ago brought about;
And then, full as wond'rous as that,
Another drops ſuddenly out.

When Death ſeal'd up ROCKINGHAM's eyes,
Strange ſcenes of confuſion aroſe;
His place to attack by ſurprize,
Made thoſe who were friends become foes:
Fox in a pet quits his ſtation,
CAVENDISH buſineſs declines,
And BURKE, in the heat of his paſſion,
His pay-maſter ſervice reſigns.

Lord NORTH, for thoſe meaſures purſuing,
Which CHATHAM made clear as the day,
Would tend to the kingdom's undoing,
For life receives annual pay;
The treaſure he wiſhfully ey'd,
The Cinque-ports for life would not do,
I muſt have a penſion, he cry'd,
And ſo ſhall JACK ROBINSON too.

Greater lengths, if we judge by his actions,
No man ever dar'd to proceed;
For this ſeem'd, by all his tranſactions,
To be his political creed:
"The kingdom I care not a pin
"How much into trouble I plunge,
"For the Debt (and pray where is the ſin)
"Muſt all be wip'd off with a ſponge."

Five days, his affairs to arrange,
Paſs'd over in plotting and pining;
The people ſeem'd pleas'd with the change,
And theſe were his terms of reſigning:
"When drove to the brink of deſpair,
"To fleece us, and tax us no more,
"His man gets a *thouſand* per year—
"The maſter lies quiet with *four*."

Aſpiring to power behold
A weathercock limb of the law,
High Titles and glittering Gold,
Some Minds will to any thing draw;
This keen *Caledonian* blade,
Of *Cabinet-councils* the drudge,
For duty obſequious is made,
A *Penſioner*, *Peer*, and a *Judge*.

What man againſt penſions and places,
Than BARRE did ever more prate;
So ſuddenly alter'd the caſe is,
Aſtoniſhing 'twere to relate;
When getting faſt hold of the reins,
For which he had ſtrain'd ev'ry nerve,
A place he not only obtains,
But a penſion holds ſnug in reſerve.

As of old, ſo we find it is ſtill,
At profit all *Statesmen* are aiming;
At the *Ins*, let 'em be what they will,
The *Outs* will be ever exclaiming;
They're certain to ſtir up a riot,
And loud in the ſenate to bawl;
One thing can alone make 'em quiet,
"And that is to *penſion* 'em all."

The WONDERFUL COALITION.

Tune---As I was a driving my Waggon one Day.

AT a period when all public virtue is loſt,
Of PATRIOTS 'tis but a folly to boaſt;
A ſubject ſo ſtale, let who will go upon,
At the ſhadow may catch, but the ſubſtance is gone.

Whate'er in the Senate the OUTS may declare,
The Treaſury ſweets the grand aim is to ſhare;

hy of Parties this ſtrange Coalition,
vellous Mixture, this odd Compoſition.

iance is form'd, wonders never will ceaſe,
Wolves and the Sheep, the Fox and the Geeſe,
ound a tame Lion, who much is perplex'd,
coax him one day, and abuſe him the next.

North and Charles Fox, to give Shelburne a ſweat,
greater oppoſites ſure never met;
ng together, at midnight were got,
Devil, 'tis ſaid, made a third in the plot.

'remier, ſays Charles, ſoon his quarters ſhall ſhift,
ialk'd out the plan, you muſt give me a lift;
for our int'reſt that faction yet ceaſe,
ar always d---n'd, and I'll now d---n the Peace.

language, ſays Fred'ric, is certainly right,
him our ſtandards we'll freely unite;
ple may wonder, and laughter begin,
rk the old ſaying---let thoſe laugh that win.

ien my country was bleeding at ev'ry pore,
nſion I took ſpecial care to ſecure;
Crown my Great Services honour has done,
ıy ſtudy is now to provide for my Son."

he ſake of his Father, ſays Charles, my good friend,
ng, be aſſur'd, will your boy recommend;
the ſake of ourſelves, 'till th' Exchequer ſhall break,
ve nothing to do, but good bargains to make.

England was England, and freedom rever'd,
changes in Politics never appear'd;
Vilkes to ſit eaſy the method has learnt,
ırke his long ſtring of Impeachments has burnt.

the year of all years is the fam'd eighty-three,
the Firſt Poſt of State, and the Archbiſhop's See---
Juſtice lay weeping---aſide thrown her ſcales,
:eptance went begging, thro' England and Wales.

The State is convuls'd, Public Spirit is dead,
Stability's wanted, Confuſion is ſpread;
Independence weeps at Integrity's fall,
And Fame juſtly ſings---Tantarara Rogues all.

WHIPCORD, or the WALKING STATIONERS.

Tune---Have you not read a Book call'd Triſtam Shandy.

REUBEN and Moſes, two poor walking ſtationers,
Bitter complaints to each other laid down;
Few better clad of the wide world's pariſhioners,
Ever on ten toes went trudging to town;
REUBEN, ſays Moſes,
He's wrong who ſuppoſes,
That worſe men than Iſraelites never wore ſhoes;
Survey the affairs of mankind,
Accounts of their actions peruſe,
And CHRISTIANS in knavery you'll find,
More expert than the keeneſt of JEWS.

MOSES ſays REU, I'm in trade a mere novice,
Theſe three days I've travel'd, and not ſold a quill;
And public report ſays, ſome men in high office,
Have rob'd our PROFESSION, their pockets to fill;
That thoſe in high ſtation,
Have plunder'd the nation,
To prove, a man need not much logic to uſe;
For if we look up at the great,
A recent affair clearly ſhews,
That amongſt the grandees of the ſtate,
Are many worſe fellows than JEWS.

Twelve hundred good guineas, for pens, ink, and paper,
In twelve months, you'll ſay, is a round ſum to ſpare;
To reap ſuch an order, how would my heart caper,
JEWS cannot, alas! ſuch emoluments ſhare;

And

And then in the rattle,
Obſerve how they prattle,
About a three hundred and fifty pound bill;
I'd turn hempen merchant, I ſwear,
Lord NORTH to ſupply at my will;
For more WHIPCORD he buys in one year,
Than would any SYNAGOGUE fill.

WHIPCORD, ſays MOSES, is one of thoſe articles,
Uſeful that's counted, if rightly apply'd;
I've ſeen of the kindeſt ſort, nine knotted particles,
Blifter the back of a black-a-moor's hide;
To ſee a good flogging,
I long to be jogging,
For that, I'm perſuaded, would ſerve the whole land;
At the POST was the BLUE-RIBBON'D LORD,
Or the MAN OF THE PEOPLE to ſtand,
Though flog'd with his Lordſhip's own cord,
What creature would cry---Stop your hand?

In St. Stephen's, no doubt, ſince a famous intrigue Sir,
Their ſpeeches muſt laughable be to attend;
CHARLES FOX calls his Lordſhip his noble colleague, Sir,
His Lordſhip calls Charles, his Right Hon'rable friend.
FOXITES and BURKITES,
When link'd with the SHELBURNITES,
Much ſeem'd to make REFORMATION their pride;
What ſtrange alteration time makes,
When a fav'rable proſpect they ſpy'd,
They ſnatch'd at the gilded crown cakes,
And the general reform threw aſide.

Of life, ere ſays REUBEN, I reach the meridian,
In trade, as I live, will I alter my plan;
I'll go for inſtructions to good SAMPSON GIDEON,
And get myſelf nat'raliz'd ſoon as I can;
No BAILIFF's grim dunner,
No LAWYER's lank runner,
But holds a poor JEW in the rankeſt of ſcorn;

For matters are got to that pitch,
Half the kingdom at honeſty ſpurn;
And, depend on't, we ne'er ſhall get rich,
Unleſs our RELIGION we turn.

My ſon ELEAZAR, his own recantation,
Says MOSES, ſhall read, if he'll liſten to me;
I'll ſend him to Oxford for freſh education;
He one day or other may CHANCELLOR be;
For when ſubtle REYNARD,
Broke into the VINEYARD,
And ſnatch'd at the grapes as in cluſters they grew;
I found from a very ſlight glance,
At the maxims which ſtateſmen purſue;
That he ſtands for court favour no chance,
Who is not too ſharp for a Jew.

The WATERMAN, an HIBERNIAN HARANGUE about PLACES.

To the Tune of---Lillibularo.

MURDOCK, ſays Patrick, I cannot make out,
The cauſe of this ſhifting and ſhuffling about,
I've counted as many, tho' ſtrange it appears,
As five Lord Lieutenants in leſs than three years;
I'm much at a loſs how their names to come at,
Who fill up the recent appointments of ſtate,
For changes ſo often and ſuddenly wrought,
Have made my Court Calendar not worth a groat.

Patrick, ſays Murdock, I'm juſt in your caſe,
Long time I've been hunting in vain for a place,
Good places are valuable bleſſings we know,
Our country, alas, has but few to beſtow;
And what to my feelings is more than a joke,
There's not one can drop but what's long been beſpoke;
For bread, ſince I find ev'ry artifice fails,
I ſtill muſt depend on my yoke and my pails.

Places

Places to find---'tis agreed on all hands,
That England can't ſatisfy half her demands;
That juſt the ſame craving in Ireland holds good,
Is clear by the ſpeeches of GRATTAN and FLOOD;
From daily tranſactions, 'tis clear to a man,
Amongſt the ſtate wranglers 'tis catch as catch can;
And he who is OUT plaguy hard thinks his lot,
And he who is IN ſtrives to keep what he's got.

Whilſt in an uproar the Houſe ſeems to be,
And too much of paſſion and party we ſee,
Who in the ſcramble unnotic'd can paſs
The artful manœuvres of HARRY DUNDAS?
He labour'd inceſſant a whole ſeſſion through,
A NABOB to ſweat, who is rich as a Jew,
Till mov'd by a ſpell, to himſelf the beſt known,
He changes the ſcene, and lets RUMBOLD alone.

To throw an unpopular INDIA BILL out,
About *Secret Influence* think what a rout,
Fame on that ſubject a ſtory diſplays,
Which beats all that happen'd in JOHNNY BUTE's days.
TEMPLE at midnight to Buckingham-houſe,
Stole a dead march, and went ſnug as a mouſe;
A dark lanthorn carry'd, as rumour declares,
"And rode on the banniſters up the Back Stairs,"

I can't for Old England help being concern'd,
I find ſtate affairs topſy-turvy are turn'd;
WILKES crown prerogative aims to ſupport,
And NORTH is no longer a fav'rite at Court.
I fully intended, ſays Patrick, and ſoon,
To've ſtept o'er the SEA in an Iriſh BALLOON?
But I'll keep my own country, I vow and declare,
For England's top full of Inflammable Air.

The CONTRACTORS.

Tune---When Summer Days were long and fair.

OUR troops abroad when many ſaid,
That BRANDY would not ſave 'em,
A contract then for RUM was made,
And RUM our *rum heads* gave 'em;
By *ſpirit* were their SPIRITS rouz'd,
They fought like ſons of thunder!
Of millions whilſt the land was chous'd,
CONTRACTORS ſhar'd the plunder.

Their patron wink'd at foul deceit,
No croſſes then had ſour'd him;
In folly's reign his word had weight,
For folly's ſons ador'd him:
With contracts of a curious kind,
His fav'rites were befriended,
In PICKLE CABBAGE too we find
Some thouſands were expended.

But 'mongſt the public fleecing band,
The man ſo bold and clever,
Who ſtorm'd the BOOT and PETTICOAT,
Has found the greateſt favour;
He ſent the army hoſe and ſhoes,
With muddy porter drench'd 'em,
But in the toes---old ſoldiers ſay,
Confoundedly he pinch'd em.

MARK LANE the *Corn Contractor* mark'd,
And pleaſure it excited,
To ſee his face, hung up, who was
For perjury indicted;
To ſcreen himſelf---by ill-got pelf,
He would have much diſcounted;
But CHRISTOPHER, think what a ſtur!
The PILLORY has mounted.

Wh

When guilt had BEMBRIDGE ſtung with ſhame,
Obſerve what dirty work, Sir,
To ſerve him, without bluſhing, came
DICK RIGBY, NORTH, and BURKE, Sir!
So when a fiſh-pond's robb'd, you'll ſee
The vileſt of ENCROACHERS,
As pleaders for his honeſty,
Bring up three luſty POACHERS.

In lieu of every paltry tax,
Which hatred only merit,
Clap ſomething on CONTRACTORS backs,
They're broad enough to bear it.
Refund! refund! let Britons ſound,
And ſound it through the nation!
The ſums with INFAMY that crown'd,
Lord North's Adminiſtration.

INDIA GAME.

Tune---Whilſt over the Mountains.

HARK, hark to the ſummons---behold what a rout!
What pains are beſtow'd to bring knavery out;
Many times India-game has been held up to view;
Many times *about nothing* we ſee *much-a-do*.

When CLIVE into England his millions brought,
That all was not right, to believe we were taught;
They talk'd by impeachments of ſtriking him dumb!
Great things were expected, but nothing brought home.

When a man is impeach'd, and his trial draws near,
If Miniſtry's with him, what has he to fear?
For he who ſo cloſely did RUMBOLD accuſe,
His aſſiſtance to HASTINGS diſdains to refuſe.

The Nabob of ARCOT, and Nabob of OUDE,
Europeans to deal with will never be proud;

For

For plunder is too much the object of all,
Who reach the CARNATIC, or viſit BENGAL.

In moſt kind of dealings betwixt man and man,
Too much 'tis the practice to cheat as cheat can;
The PAGAN robs ſlyly, as well as the JEW,
And CHRISTIANS rob PAGANS, and murder 'em too.

Diſtinctions are various, 'twas always the caſe,
And ever will be with the whole human race;
Some are poverty ſtruck, riches many perplex,
But who in *arrears* run ſo much as GEORGE REX.

When fortunes at home have been ſquander'd away,
The wild and the wanton trip over the ſea;
And did they not run to uncommon degrees,
Pray how would they come by their lacks of RUPEES.

Whate'er may be ſaid of this fraudulent game,
Could reaſon take place, its purſuers 'twould ſhame;
Minds oft are perverted, but JUSTICE decrees
A recompence different to that of RUPEES.

His ill-gotten treaſure at once to diſcount,
However amazing may be the amount!
May every MARAUDER be brought on his KNEES,
And the true honeſt heart never *lack* of RUPEES.

A BUMPERS TOAST.

Tune—Here's to the Maiden of baſhful Fifteen.

HERE's to the Tradeſman, who ſocial and gay,
Will take his glaſs freely in hand, Sir,
Here's to the travellers croſſing the ſea,
And here's to all thoſe upon land, Sir.

CHORUS.

Let the toaſt paſs,
Spare not the *glaſs*,
He's not one of us who refuſes his glaſs.

Here's

Here's to the ARTIST, who fond to excel,
Can genius diſplay in a trinket;
Here's to the LANDLORD who finds us good ale,
And here's to thoſe free hearts who drink it.
Chorus---Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to the VET'RAN who dwells in a rock,
Whoſe fame has ſpread all the world over;
From whom SPAIN receiv'd ſuch a terrible ſhock,
She not in an age will recover.
Chorus---Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to the CUTLER who tempers his blade,
Fit to do family duty;
And here's to the lad who, when warring's his trade,
Makes honour his nobleſt booty.
Chorus---Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to all thoſe who live peaceable lives,
Ever may plenty befriend 'em;
Here's to our ſweet-hearts, and here's to our wives,
And joy and good humour attend 'em.
Chorus---Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Loſſes and croſſes there ever will be,
Paſs 'em o'er as light as a feather;
All honeſt citizens hearty and free,
We'll toaſt in a bumper together.

CHORUS.

Let the toaſt paſs,
Spare not the *glaſs*,
He's not one of us who refuſes his glaſs.

TRADE in ENGLAND NE'ER SHALL DIE.

Tune---O'er the Hills and far away.

THAT TRADE is dead, we're apt to ſay,
With all ſuch idle talk away;
The ARTS miſled may rove awhile,
But BRITAIN is their favourite ſoil.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Never let it more be ſaid,
In the land that TRADE is dead;
'Twill ſometimes droop, I'll not deny,
But TRADE in ENGLAND ne'er ſhall die.

'Tis very rare the friend to find,
At all times that is good and kind;
Through chequer'd ſcenes of life we go,
Sometimes ſunſhine, ſometimes ſnow.
Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

We can't of orders always boaſt,
Sometimes fluſh, and ſometimes croſt;
And ſo it is, I will aver,
With every BROTHER TRAVELLER.
Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

At LONDON, LEEDS, and MANCHESTER,
Fear not but trade will briſkly ſtir;
And BIRMINGHAM ſhall have her ſhare,
As long as mankind BUTTONS wear.
Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

Let SHEFFIELD artiſts not deſpair,
For Genius ſmiles, and LANCASHIRE
Has uſeful hands, of which ſhe fills
Her FUSTIAN LOOMS and COTTON MILLS.
Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

Imperial JOSEPH's mandate ne'er,
A Britiſh heart ſhall ſtrike with fear!
Half EUROPE would be overjoy'd
To ſee old PRUSSIA crop his pride.
Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

Sound policy 'tis deem'd to prize,
All faithful, fair, and firm allies;
But if our old ones prove unkind,
Why new one's then we'll ſtrive to find.
Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

By

By TRADE are princely fortunes gain'd,
By TRADE the State muſt be maintain'd,
Which ſtill will fluctuate like the tide,
As long as SEVERN's ſtream ſhall glide.

CHORUS.

Never let it more be ſaid,
In the land that TRADE is dead;
'Twill ſometimes droop, I'll not deny,
But TRADE in ENGLAND ne'er ſhall die.

The TRINITY TAX.

Tune—Sing Tantarara Rogues all.

IN a State for its follies oft held up to ſcorn,
Where the baſtards of paupers are tax'd ſoon as born,
So paltry a duty, ſo mean an exciſe,
A tinker will ſpurn at, a ſhoe-black deſpiſe.

The paſſports from life could our ſtateſmen command,
Heaven's porter they'd rob, ſnatch the keys from his hand;
Or in croſſing the STYX, the moſt likely decree,
Old CHARON they'd ſtudy to cheat of his fee.

Future bliſs by their deeds to attempt would be vain;
The harbour in ſafety they never can gain;
For this tax at life's end is ſo deadly a ſin,
Depend on't St. PETER will ne'er let 'em in.

Of freedom we boaſt, while the taxes we bear,
Are trade-killing ſores, that increaſe ev'ry year;
Three ſummers more war, let Lord North have the lead,
And he'll tax ev'ry tooth a man has in his head.

Three-pence born, three-pence married, and three-pence
when dead,
Of this three-fold invention, if more need be ſaid,
'Tis the CAVENDISH TRINITY, DERBYSHIRE make,
Devis'd, there's no doubt, at the ARSE of the PEAK.

The COLLIERS FETE-CHAMPETRE.

Tune---Jolly Mortals fill your Glaſſes.

'TWAS in ſultry ſummer weather,
Hearts a ſcore of courage good,
Clubbing pence a piece together,
Seated were at Madeley wood.

At this Colliers Fete-Champetre,
Budget-day was talk'd about,
What that budget is, ſays Peter,
For my life, I can't make out.

Some inform me 'tis an evil,
That no Engliſhman eſcapes;
Others tell me 'tis the devil,
Sent about in various ſhapes.

Taxing coals, which ſtruck our wiſe men,
Through the dale like wild-fire ran;
Second thoughts told no exciſeman,
Durſt have ventur'd on the plan.

In the land there's little good left,
And, cries Tom, who angry wax'd,
Long as I have any blood left,
Pit-coal never ſhall be tax'd.

In this point we'll have our pleaſure,
And to none will favour ſhow;
They who come t'enforce the meaſure,
Down the pit ſhall headlong go.

Should the State (ſays Peter coolly)
Once more into quarrels plunge,
Two or three campaigns would, truly,
Turn the Budget to a ſpunge.

Horſes, candles, bricks, and beavers,
Budget ſtrokes have dropt upon;
And the True-Blue Ribbon-weavers,
Out of temper much are grown.

Finding

Finding commerce much has ſuffer'd,
Coventry and *Manchester*,
Who their lives and fortunes proffer'd,
Now begin to curſe the war.

For their mighty zeal and trouble,
Bloody meaſures to purſue,
Juſtice cries out---TAX 'em DOUBLE,
'Tis no more than half their due.

Tax'd are curriers, tanners, tawers,
Gunners too, though dogs are not;
Rich old bachelors and lawyers,
Much too long have been forgot.

Of our burthens being wearied,
What moſt ardently we crave,
Is that Britons from this period,
No more budget days may have.

NOTHING AT ALL. An Hibernian Dialogue on the PROPOSITIONS.

Tune—Larry Grogan.

WELL met, brother Peter! Now do not deceive me,
I'm anxious to know what the State is about.
" Why, Patrick, in Parliament, if you'll believe me,
" There's been about commerce a comical rout.
" About Propoſitions, which few politicians
" Can clearly make out, how did patriots bawl!
" So great the alarm---ſome were ready to arm,
" *And fight, my dear boy, about Nothing at all.*

" So great a diſturbance, and all about trade,
" Before ne'er was ſeen in the mem'ry of man;
" Six months to the full was the Miniſter's head
" On the rack how completely to ſettle the plan.
" How ſtrangely miſta'en!---what labour in vain!
" It may marvellous ſeem, but I ſwear by St. Paul,
" Reſolutions a ſcore---when to DUBLIN ſent o'er,
" Amounted to juſt a mere Nothing at all.

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" Dear Patrick, you'll think it a ſtrange exhibition,
" From Mancheſter came, and the villages round,
" For wond'rous inſpection ſo large a petition,
" When ſpread 'twould have cover'd an acre of ground;
" Lord DERBY unable, himſelf on the table,
" To throw ſo unweildy and weighty a ſcrawl,
" With aſſiſtance made ſhift---Thurlow lent him a lift,
" Though the BUNDLE, he ſwore, contain'd Nothing at all.

" The Chambers of Commerce in cloſe conſultation,
" Much time and much trouble did ardently ſpend;
" Amongſt them were ſages of keen penetration,
" The trade of their country reſolv'd to defend:
" Manufacturers met, and Delegates ſat,
" Attentive to every neceſſitous call:
" And Wedgwood and Peele---in the Houſe ſaid a deal,
" Who in faith might as well have ſaid Nothing at all."

But anſwer me, Peter, one queſtion, I pray;
Is there not of the uſual proceedings a breach?
For after long ſitting, obſerve what I ſay,
The Parliament riſes, but where's the King's ſpeech?
" In troth about that---believe me, dear Pat,
" As COTTONS and FUSTIANS long kept up the ball,
" On a ſudden they roſe---'twas a ſingular cloſe,
" For the King (Heaven bleſs him) ſaid Nothing at all."

" However the world may the ſimile ſtrike,
" However the matter may ſome underſtand,
" I can't in this work but the Miniſter *like*,
" To the man who his building erects on a ſand,
" The ſtructure was ſlight---for in one ſtormy night,
" And think how alarming and ſudden the fall!
" It was loſt in the mud---waſh'd away by a FLOOD*,
" And dwindled at once into Nothing at all."

* The Orator.

The

The TIMES.

Tune---The Rakes of Malla.

IN this age of diſſipation,
Full of folly and taxation,
To amuſe the fools of faſhion,
Is the mind exerted;
STEEDS are taught ('tis no romance)
Minuets dext'rouſly to prance,
PIGS to ſpell, and DOGS to dance,
Nature is perverted.

People every art employing,
Daily tricks and fancies trying,
Men as ſwift as pigeons flying!
Folly to perfection;
CROSBY ſtriving to excel,
From the clouds, though ſtrange to tell!
On the lap of Thetis fell,
Truſting Fate's protection.

Fate from ſinking kept her CRONY,
Juſt the ſame with Major MONEY,
Though the blade is bold and bony,
Much the ſcene amaz'd him!
In the moments of diſtreſs,
When depriv'd of all his gas,
Think what horrors muſt, alas!
Horridly have ſeiz'd him.

All the world for intereſt ſcuffle,
Sudden changes tempers ruffle,
Nothing more than cut and ſhuffle,
All for trumps are ſtriving;
And the hurly burly crew,
Different tracks of life purſue,
From their grand purſuits, but few
True content deriving.

Still the OUTS the INS beſpatter,
Engliſhmen will freely chatter,
And with ſome it were no matter,
If the De'l had got 'em.
FOX was curs'd, and call'd a Jew,
CAVENDISHES would not do,
Then we chang'd, and fell into
*A PITT without a *bottom*.

Give me when the day is ended,
O'er the cheer that can't be mended,
Sprightly wit with humour blended;
That's the thing that pleaſes:
For when mortals free and gay,
Paſs the evening hours away,
SAGES ſmile, and ſeem to ſay,
Then the heart at eaſe is.

On the BACHELOR's TAX.

Tune---Liberty Hall.

TO find out a tax that is certain to pleaſe
The whole of mankind, and a decent ſum raiſe,
If taxes we down to their origin trace,
Never was, and I truſt, never will be the caſe.

The Son of old CHATHAM, I'm ſorry to find,
To commerce and arts ſo extremely unkind,
For ſake of Old England, I wiſh he'd ne'er laid,
His deep cutting ſtrokes ſo ſevere upon trade.

On females the youth a ſmart tax had arrang'd,
Than amended the ſame, 'twould have better been chang'd;
'Twere an act that the Premier would credit have done,
To've look'd at himſelf, and the girls let alone.

The SHOP TAX is partial, nor can it be fair,
ATTORNIES to whip, and the COUNSELLORS ſpare,

* Made at the time that he preſented the public with his largeſt Budget of Taxes.

But

But no better objects to tax can be found,
Than uſeleſs CURMUDGEONS who cumber the ground.

This tax of all taxes, which few againſt rail,
At preſent is quite on too narrow a ſcale;
To make it productive the method is plain;
Extend it, and mend it, again and again.

When a round lumping ſum by this duty is rais'd,
Not a female but what will be heartily pleas'd;
The married will chuckle---fine nuts for Old MAIDS;
Whilſt peeviſh Old BACHELORS hang down their heads.

This laudable mode of taxation, we hear,
Struck the fancy of TH-----W, the *ſtern-viſag'd Peer*;
And for once the gruff Ch----------r, *ſmilingly*, ſaid,
"Dear BILLY, you've hit the right nail on the head."

To Wedlock promote, fain a clauſe would I add,
Humanity claims what would many make glad:
Let the man ſeven children who labours to rear,
Tax-free throughout life be permitted to ſteer.

A toaſt on the ſubject may not be amiſs,
And as taxes are numerous, mine ſhall be this;
"May Parliament quickly diminiſh the train,
"But one upon bachelors ever remain."

The LONDONERS PETITION againſt the SHOP TAX.

Tune---There's a luck about the houſe.

'TWAS when the odious ſhop-tax had
To murmurs given vent,
And through the kingdom want of trade,
Increas'd the diſcontent;
Of worthy citizens a band,
Who found themſelves oppreſt,
To G-----e their thoughts would recommend,
And thus their minds expreſt.

" The ſervant who his country's love,
" So rapidly has loſt,
" Whoſe conduct reaſon muſt reprove,
" No longer deign to truſt;
" The man may wear an honeſt heart,
" Nor does he lack of tongue;
" And doubtleſs may his beſt impart,
" But ſtill he's quite too young.

" Your miniſtry once more diſband,
" Nor think it bad advice;
" The trading int'reſt of the land
" Will at the cauſe rejoice:
" And may not thoſe to public woes
" Who patiently ſubmit,
" As well be worried by a Fox,
" As ſwallow'd in a PITT.

On certain PROPOSITIONS think!
What difficulties ſtart,
When commerce ſtands on danger's brink,
It muſt alarm the heart!
The ſturdy lads of Lancaſhire,
Full ſix ſcore thouſand ſtrong,
The helm to manage, all declare,
That BILLY's quite too young.

We grant the youthful financier,
In induſtry excels,
But in his breaſt, too great, 'tis clear,
An obſtinacy dwells;
A paltry tax on ſervant maids,
Of foes creates an hoſt,
And may when levied---from the ſhades,
Bring up Wat Tyler's GHOST.

The friends to commerce, juſtice ſays,
Have bitter cauſe to frown,
With them no fav'rite ever was,
More ſuddenly let down;

Then

Then let us beg, ſince in the caſe,
The KING can do no wrong,
The reins in other hands you'll place,
For BILLY's quite too young.

DUTCH PATRIOTISM: or, CASTLES in AIR.

Tune---Well met brother Peter.

WHAT means all this tumult, and noiſe about fighting,
This preſſing of ſeamen, and calling to arms?
Politicians have much on the matter been writing,
Yet cannot account for theſe ſudden alarms!
If war is the word---freſh expences occurr'd,
PITT's fav'rite project muſt fall to the ground;
'Stead of MILLIONS ſav'd, will be MILLIONS crav'd,
And this NATIONAL DEBT BILL receive its death wound.

Some few months ago---the manœuvre was fine,
BILLY EDEN, who once to America went,
(An offer ſo lucrative, who could decline)
Again to negociate to PARIS was ſent;
How did hope minds bewitch---we were all to get rich,
Such plenty of orders from FRANCE were to come;
BILLY feather'd his neſt—but as to the reſt,
I wiſh it don't prove a political hum.

DUTCH PATRIOTS much have been given to vapour,
But when BRUNSWICK's DUKE in good earneſt they found,
'Tis many long years ſince they cut ſuch a caper,
Or had ſuch occaſion for ſhifting their ground;
From UTRECHT they run---and ſpik'd ev'ry gun,
Helter-ſkelter away o'er the DAMS and the DYKES,
No tedious delays---in a very few days,
The PRINCE is reſtor'd, and the CAPITAL ſtrikes.

The

The *Amſterdam boaſters* on *faith* much depending,
When finding they'd been by SHAM TREATIES betray'd,
And ſeeing no good could ariſe from contending,
They hitch'd up their BREECHES, and feelingly ſaid,
"To FRANCE who can truſt---ſurrender we muſt,"
For WEALTH, ſordid wealth, is an HOLLANDER's god
And ſafety entreats---their HIGH MIGHTY STATES,
To lower their top-ſails, and cringe to the ROD.

In future---ſo ſhamefully being neglected,
And left in the lurch their own cauſe to defend;
From dreadful experience it may be expected,
No more on French promiſes will they depend;
Tho' great are your fears---mark this ye MYNHEERS,
The very ſame kingdom your pride that pulls down,
It now may be ſaid---on the STADTHOLDER's head,
Poſſeſſes the power of fixing a CROWN.

They talk'd of a CAMP that was forming at GIVET,
MONSIEURS were to put all the PRUSSIANS to flight;
The PATRIOTS ſwagger'd---but would you believe it,
They meant nothing more than by *proxy* to fight;
About inundations---they made declarations,
But BLOWS---when the foe came upon 'em to bear,
They wiſh'd to defer---for the FRENCH would not ſtir,
And all their grand projects were CASTLES IN AIR.

WONDERS: or, the MAN of the MOON.

Tune---That Miracles never will ceaſe.

OF wonders the Engliſh will prate,
Strange tales the Hibernians tell us,
But in marvellous matters of late,
Our Gallican neighbours excel us;

Of

Of wonders we read ev'ry day,
And read, till of reading were tir'd,
And much about miracles ſay,
When nothing but faith is requir'd.

A genius, no matter his name,
Though many may laugh at the whim,
In France, if we look at his fame,
A Newton was nothing to him;
For he, modern authors declare,
Stept into a PAPER BALLOON,
Like a ſwallow then ſkimm'd through the air,
And took a peep into the moon.

So bold an adventure to ſee,
What mortal at trifles would ſtick,
Tho' ſome took the matter to be,
A mere *bottle-conjuring trick*;
And whilſt they were trembling, alas!
For fear on the ground he ſhould light,
He tipt 'em a flaſh of his GAS,
And inſtantly flew out of ſight.

In the Lunar Orb, think what they'll ſay,
About this uncommon affair,
Some doubtleſs their fears will diſplay,
And others like lunatics ſtare;
Return if the traveller ſhou'd,
No man will be fonder careſs'd,
If he tarries---why then we'll conclude,
He likes his new ſettlement beſt.

A bold NEAPOLITAN ſoul,
As ever the herring brook croſs'd,
T'other day in the clouds took a ſtroll,
To human ſight preſently loſt;
Long trips he judg'd prudent to ſhun,
Tho' car'd for his neck not a *ſous*,
But he knew betwixt EARTH and the MOON,
There was never a HALF-WAY HOUSE.

That

That period ſwiftly approaches,
When people (ſo common fame ſings)
Inſtead of being jumbled in Coaches,
To London will go upon Wings;
Should this be the caſe---ſtrange debates,
Will happen on next Budget-day,
For the wheel tax, like that on receipts,
Not the charge of collecting will pay.

With invention the times are replete,
Yet gold is uncommonly ſcarce;
Too common are frauds and deceit,
And Patriotiſm's a farce:
To Commerce all honour be paid,
To Artiſts encouragement ſhewn,
Succeſs in a bumper to Trade,
Not forgetting the MAN OF THE MOON.

On BLANCHARD's ÆRIAL VOYAGE to the CONTINENT.

Tune---The Lillies of France.

THE world to amaze, and keep fancy alive,
How nobly commences the year eighty-five;
In *Ether*'s wide field, amongſt thoſe who aſcend,
To fetch news from the *clouds*, and for glory contend;
Eclips'd the fair fame of *Lunardi* muſt be,
For *Blanchard* and *Jefferies* fly over the ſea.

From *Dover*'s high cliffs how majeſtic the ſight,
For, ſure, ſuch a ſcene would to *Gods* give delight!
How wond'rous to ſee, of bold mortals a pair,
Ride over the *waves* in a *chariot of air!*
Then tell me what heart can amazement refrain,
When men ſtart from *earth* and fly over the *main!*

What

What can't they perform, who to work boldly ſet,
Invention is but in its infancy yet;
And when with new *worlds* we acquainted become,
Abroad as our *Ærial Travellers* roam,
To their ſafety we'll drink, not forgetting the *two*,
Who firſt o'er the *ocean* undauntedly flew.

To commerce, my boys, ſince we all with ſucceſs,
Invention encourage, and ſcience careſs;
As free-hearted Britons make Genius their boaſt,
With lovers of *trade*, then, let this be the toaſt:

CHORUS.

Store of wealth to the man, in an *Engliſh Balloon*,
Who carries the firſt *pattern-card* to the *moon*.

DIAMOND cut DIAMOND.

Tune---Billy Pitt the Tory.

THE national debt is BRITANNIA's MILL-STONE,
Has long been her plague, and of trade is the kill-ſtone,
Enormous the ſize is, but what more diſpleaſes,
We find every year that the evil encreaſes.

This MILL-STONE in weight, when in pounds lately counted,
To more than two hundred good millions amounted,
I care not a button what great men or grooms ſay,
The debt without a SPUNGE will not be clear'd till DOOMS-DAY.

About WARREN HASTINGS behold what a pother,
About THOMAS RUMBOLD was once ſuch another;
The buſineſs was ſtrange—how it came to miſcarry,
To all ſeem'd a myſt'ry, ſave CALEDONIAN HARRY.

The tales of what happen'd within the BENARES,
What are they to us but a ſtring of ſigaries!

The whole little more than an Eaſt country dance is,
Where BURKE plays the fiddle with MAJOR SCOTT and FRANCIS.

DIAMOND cut DIAMOND's an old obſervation,
And may be apply'd to a recent occaſion;
The MAJOR ſeems hurt, for ſuſpicions are grounded,
On that which was lately convey'd to a CROWN'D HEAD.

The gift muſt be great, great the merit to earn it,
'Twas rumour'd about that the King would return it;
For ſome ſay this BRILLIANT, and can we ſuſpect leſs,
Was *filch'd* t'other day from the QUEEN OF FRANCE's NECKLACE.

The BACHELOR's tax to the fair may be pleaſing,
The HAIR POWDER duty a few pounds be raiſing;
And why not if taxes next year are obtruded,
PERFUMERY be doubled and CORK-RUMPS included.

The VINTNERS in London about the exciſe laws,
Grow angry and ſwear BILLY PITT plans no wiſe laws;
The MINISTER doubtleſs may think his deſign good,
And we'll think the ſame if we always have WINE good.

With FRANCE and OLD ENGLAND if I'm not miſtaken,
A treaty of commerce is now undertaken;
The beſt way of dealing to go hand in hand is,
Let them take our HARDWARES, and we'll drink their BRANDIES.

How trade had declin'd, long her ſons were diſcerning,
Away with complaints ſince the tables are turning;
Our wine ſhall be French, and to ſhew we'll not ſpare it,
We'll barter our woollens for HOGSHEADS of CLARET.

'Tis much to be wiſh'd that all points they've agreed in,
Charge glaſſes and drink ſucceſs to BILLY PITT;
Replenish the bowls on the ſond expectation,
Let bumpers go round to TRADE and NAVIGATION.

Invitation

Invitation to VAUXHALL GARDENS.

SOFT Spring the proclaimer of rural delights,
Again to her ſweet native bowers invites;
From toil to relax, and enjoy the freſh air,
All ye who the peaceful amuſement would ſhare,
When mirth gives the Summons, to honour the call,
Make much of the joy giving hours at VAUXHALL.

When the Evening is fine, how enlivening the ſcene,
The walks to parade, or to trip o'er the green;
No troubles to haraſs, no fears to alarm,
The mind ſits at eaſe, when there's Muſic to charm;
Then quickly away, to the regions reſort,
Which pleaſure makes choice of for keeping her court.

The TRADESMAN who's got a few moments to ſpare,
Finds here a refreſhment to ſolace his care;
The ARTIST will often his labour throw by,
The ſweet rural paſtime awhile to enjoy;
For genius whoſe ſons oft incline to be gay,
Would droop if there was not a ſeaſon to play.

When all appears charming and grac'd with the Fair,
What Gardens for ſplendor with theſe can compare;
When nature embelliſh'd with choice ſtrokes of art,
The mind to regale does her beauties impart,
And mirth and good fellowſhip keep up the ball,
What more would the heart wiſh to find at VAUXHALL.

BIRMINGHAM ALE-TASTERS.

Tune---How happy a State does a Miller poſſeſs.

OF all civil officers annually choſe,
There's none in the Kingdom are equal to thoſe,
Whoſe duty requires little more than to rove,
And taſte at their pleaſure, what ENGLISHMEN love.

From BORD'SLEY to HOCKLEY our PROVINCE extends,
I wiſh we had time to addreſs all our friends;
Of houſes all free-coſt, to viſit, 'tis clear,
The number is more than are days in the year.

We carry no TRUNCHEONS our power to ſhew,
With Government matters have nothing to do;
We drink with the common, yet rank with the beſt,
And like ALDERMEN live at a *Low* BAILIFF'S *Feaſt*.

Our good Brother OFFICERS ſtrangers muſt be,
When beating our rounds to the pleaſures we ſee;
From Office of CONSTABLE troubles enſue,
But that of a TASTER is joy the year through.

For when upon duty, as cuſtom has taught,
We call for a TANKARD, 'tis inſtantly brought,
And how pleaſing it is for a LANDLORD to ſay,
"You're welcome kind Sir---there is nothing to pay."

We viſit the MARKETS and traverſe the STREETS,
Our CHIEF to aſſiſt in adjuſting the weights;
And wiſh 'twere the practice in all kind of Sales,
To down with the STEELYARDS and up with the SCALES.

The BUTCHERS may throw out their MARROW-BONE ſpite,
But reaſon informs us 'tis nothing but right;
For JUSTICE relying on TRUTH as her guide,
When pictur'd has always the SCALES by her ſide.

Fill a Bumper to TRADE, 'tis the TASTERS requeſt,
With plenty may BRITAIN, for ever be bleſt;
Where DISCORD abounds may true friendſhip commence,
And BIRMINGHAM "flouriſh a thouſand years hence."

The

The TIMES, On ſtopping the CIRCULATION of DOLLARS.

Tune----Puſh about the Jorum.

I Am a jolly BACCHANAL,
Who ne'er regarded party,
I love the lad and ever ſhall,
That's honeſt, free, and hearty;
By ſudden loſs---if things go croſs,
To almoſt every creature,
Whate'er's amiſs---my ſong is this,
I wiſh the TIMES were better.

Tho' POLITICS the common prate,
Of more than half the Nation,
Domeſtic ſtrife, and broils create,
With thoſe of every ſtation;
In life's ſhort round---I ne'er was found
To mirth and glee a Traitor;
In true good will---repeating ſtill,
I wiſh the TIMES were better.

Of warm diſputes amongſt the reſt,
For folly and diſſenſion,
A PLAY-HOUSE war five years at leaſt,
Has drawn the moſt attention;
And now it ſeems---to ſuch extremes,
For PLAYERS ſome have gone, Sir;
In town this year---two TROOPS appear,
The next we mayn't ſee one, Sir.

To ſuch a pitch are matters grown,
Tho' ſome may think it ſtrange, Sir,
To change their CASH ſome hard are run,
And ſome have none to change, Sir;
Good GUINEAS are---exceeding rare,
The Copper COIN how plaguing!
Small SILVER trade---'tis moſtly baſe,
And DOLLARS go a begging.

This portly COIN ſo freely paid,
And uſeful when firſt offer'd,
With MERCHANTS ſoon became a trade,
Nor heeded they who ſuffer'd;
From large concerns--- and quick returns,
To make their markets of it,
Was their intent---*for Cent. per Cent.*
Is no unpleaſing profit.

The BAKERS ſoon began to feel,
An inconvenience riſing;
The BUTCHERS ſwore by pointed ſteel,
It claim'd their advertiſing;
And when they at the CASTLE met,
Their CHAIRMAN flatly told us,
That bread nor meat---at any rate,
For DOLLARS would be ſold us.

The DRAPERS, DRUGGISTS, PUBLICANS,
And GINGERBREAD CONTRACTORS,
In council met to ſtate their plans,
And diſconcert the Factors;
Debates went on---both PRO and CON
A motley throng attended;
A deal was ſaid, but nothing done,
And thus the buſineſs ended.

COMMUTATION.

Tune---When ſummer Days were long and fair.

HOW happy for that COMPANY,
How chearfully protected,
Whoſe dividend turn'd out to be
Much greater than expected:
But if to bankruptcy allied,
And drove to deſperation,
Pray is not juſtice thrown aſide,
To cry up COMMUTATION.

Not

Not thoſe who through the hum-bug ſaw,
Could poſſibly avoid it;
Poor tradeſmen at this partial law
May grin, but muſt abide it;
For in reſpect to Window Lights,
Obſerve the innovation,
They make thoſe pay who ne'er drank tea,
And call it COMMUTATION.

Within the India-Houſe, a band
Of avaritious jugglers,
As ripe for miſchief underhand,
As any gang of ſmugglers,
Aſſembled, and for int'reſt ſake,
Embrac'd the bleſt occaſion,
Fine bargains thinking all to make,
By means of COMMUTATION.

Freſh acts are made, and many too,
So little comprehended,
That doubtleſs ſome their beſt will do,
To get 'em chang'd or mended;
Of buſineſs, 'ſtead of keen diſpatch,
They cauſe a ſtrange retarding,
For few their depth can trace beſides
Young PITT and PEPPER ARDEN.

Of one new act, when ſeeming bent,
To get an explanation,
A Tradeſmen to a Lawyer went,
Of rank and reputation;
The caſe, in vain, he ſtrove t'explain,
Walk'd ten times round his garden,
Then tore the book, and fetch'd a look,
As gruff as PEPPER ARDEN.

Th' Attorney General of the Crown
Has work enough, no doubt, Sir,
To lay the laws conciſely down,
And make 'em clearly out, Sir;

Tho'

Tho' tax on tax is ſtill our lot,
The State which ne'er ſuffices,
Yet none our palates make ſo hot,
As PEPPER ARDEN's ſpices.

Be-pepper'd as we muſt be ſtill,
With taxes fix'd at random,
A congreſs of uncommon ſkill
Requires to underſtand 'em;
To ſpur more COALITIONS on,
I'll toaſt the Cinque Ports WARDEN,
His faithful friend JACK ROBINSON,
Young PITT and PEPPER ARDEN.

The FEMALE CANVASSER; on the WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

Tune---Jack the briſk young Drummer.

WHEN Charles in conteſt hard was run,
And ſomething more than drinking,
Was judg'd expedient to be done,
To keep the cauſe from ſinking;
The faireſt Fair of Weſtminſter,
Her brilliant ſtandard rearing,
The dubious kind, of votes to bind,
Set out electioneering.

Not more amaz'd were ſome than pleas'd,
To ſee her Grace of Devon;
How muſt ſhe ſtrike, who looks ſo like,
A Goddeſs dropt from heaven!
On common ground, when agents found
No proſpect of ſucceeding,
Deep game to plan, of courſe began,
The female art of pleading.

'Twas

'Twas in a dram-ſhop near the Strand,
No matter who the keeper,
It ſeems the Ducheſs by the hand
Had ta'en a chimney-ſweeper;
Whilſt glaſs for glaſs, *bob-nobbing* paſs'd,
In tranſports o'er his bumper,
"I muſt be free; a kiſs," ſays he,
"Will gain Charles Fox a plumper.

The freedom which he took, 'tis clear,
She not a ruſh regarded;
His vote was all, the joke was fair,
And that her pains rewarded;
For when he on the huſtings ſprung,
He gave the board a thumper,
Then wav'd his bruſh, and boldly ſung,
"I give Charles Fox a plumper."

The Covent-Garden nymphs of trade,
Obſerving this manœuvre,
For joy huzza'd, and, ſmiling, ſaid,
"Sir Cecil is done over;
"Alike her ſtudy is to pleaſe,
"The port and porter-drinker;
"Nor more reſpect a goldſmith pays,
"Than what ſhe does a tinker."

A groupe of dames, with borrow'd names,
And dreſs'd in men's apparel,
Poll'd twice told o'er, and roundly ſwore,
That Fox ſhould wear the laurel;
By faces ſtain'd, and voices feign'd,
Such numbers 'ſcap'd detection,
That many ſaid, among the dead,
There'd been a reſurrection.

Ye ſcrutineers, to eaſe your cares,
Away with ſlight objections;
Say what ye will, 'tis female ſkill,
That conquers at elections;

In

In warm diſputes the caſe is plain,
And he who's much concern'd, Sir,
His fav'rite object to obtain,
Muſt nothing leave unturn'd, Sir.

The GAME LAWS.

Tune---Puſh about the briſk Bowl.

TO the ſports of the field,
Since mankind moſtly yield,
And thouſands the exerciſe claim;
To ſpeak about that
Which puzzles the State,
I ſing *of the laws of the Game.*

If affairs we turn o'er,
The year eighty-four
Diſplays parliamentary fame;
Many ſtrange acts were ſign'd,
But the ſtrangeſt we find,
Is that which relates to the Game.

The national debt,
To reduce or defeat,
Our Senators, think what a ſhame!
Half the pains never take,
Or diſturbances make,
As they do about killing the Game.

That the birds ſafe may be,
Ev'ry ſeſſions we ſee,
Their GUARDIANS at ſomething freſh aim;
But each act, inſtead
Of preſerving, 'tis ſaid,
Deſtructive turn out to the Game.

Penal laws to enforce,
Make matters ſtill worſe,

Man

Many manors (then think who's to blame)
Old ſportſmen beat round,
Not a bird to be found,
And Gentlemen buy their own Game.

Reaſon's bounds are o'er-run,
When thoſe wiſe laws we ſhun,
Which nature thought proper to frame;
For what greater right,
Has a Duke, Lord, or Knight,
Than any one elſe to the Game?

Thoſe ſubtle encroachers,
The artful night-poachers,
At every freſh act that is got,
Will prick up their ears,
For the birds will be theirs,
Without uſing powder or ſhot.

We've a Parliament new,
And taxes not few,
For all to be tax'd muſt ſubmit;
Much deceiv'd they muſt be,
Who at once thought to ſee
Their grievances drown'd in a Pitt.

Tho', Billy, 'tis known,
The miſchief was done
Before you had hold of the reins;
Yet the burthens you've laid,
Bear ſo hard upon trade,
Moſt bitterly Commerce complains.

On dogs a ſmart tax,
Not a ſportſman would vex,
Next year, if the budget 'twill ſuit;
Let that be the laſt
We're to have, and what's paſt
We'll pardon, and thank you to boot.

Written

Written on the Day of Thankſgiving for a general Peace.

Tune—Two Welchmen partners in a Cow, &c.

THANKSGIVING days ſo rarely come,
So long time ſince the laſt,
The people quite forgot the mode,
And kept it as a Faſt.

In Chatham's time a general joy
On ſuch occaſions ſpread,
But ſtead of bonfires nothing now
But dulneſs is diſplay'd.

Our quarrels have ſubſided,
And pride has had its fall;
Elſe not the war had certainly,
Made beggars of us all.

Tune---Ye Warwickſhire Lads and ye Laſſes.

The people were ſeiz'd with a phrenzy,
Half the land caught the mad influenza!
And England muſt rue for that ill-fated ſtar,
Which brought on that infamous ill-managed war.
Ill-managed war,
Taxes are
The *bleſſed* effects of th' AMERICAN war.

A peace---if I have not miſtook it,
CHARLES FOX ſaid he'd one in his pocket;
But being in temper much ruffled, his own
He'd neither produce nor let SHELBURNE's alone;
SHELBURNE's alone,
Angry grown!
He'd neither have SHELBURNE's nor out with his own,

At any rate peace was the cry, Sir,
When obtain'd think what faults they eſpy, Sir,
Not the PLAN half ſo much as the PLANNER they ſcan,
And the work is condemn'd cauſe they envy the man;

Envy

Envy the man,
Not the plan,
And the work is condemn'd cauſe they envy the man.

No object was ever more wanted,
Yet ſoon as the bleſſing was granted;
A legion of parties united attend,
To run down what none had the power to mend;
Power to mend,
All attend,
To run down what none had the power to mend.

Tune---Drink and ſet your hearts at reſt.

Sons of trade for mirth prepare,
Baniſh ſadneſs, baniſh care;
With your ſires who ne'er look'd back,
Courage tho' they ſcorn'd to lack;
When they found affairs go wrong,
Quarrels ending---thus they ſung---
"Drink and ſet your hearts at reſt,
"Of a bad bargain make the beſt."

War at beſt makes evils flow,
Public debts and taxes grow,
And commotions will create,
When ambition ſways the ſtate:
Since for what's been ſpent in vain,
'Tis a folly to complain;
"Drink and ſet your hearts at reſt," &c.

Tune---Come ye party jangling Swains.

Now no more to diſtant lands,
Britain wafts her hoſtile bands;
Pleaſing ſounds abroad are ſpread,
Commerce rears her drooping head;
And to crown the peaſant's toil,
All around does plenty ſmile.

Through the land may gladneſs reign,
And HIBERNIA catch the ſtrain;

In our PORTS for every wind,
Kind that blows may Britons find
Veſſels with their ſails unfurl'd---
Trade and peace with all the world.

On the TREATY of COMMERCE.

Tune---Bright Phœbus has mounted the Chariot of Day.

THE Genius of England had long droop'd her head,
And the cry of the kingdom was---Commerce is fled,
The ſcene to reverſe, expectations beat high,
A TREATY is ſign'd which to thouſands gives joy.

CHORUS.

Then away with deſpair, arts and artiſts ſhall thrive,
And England, Old England, ſee commerce revive.

Since kingdom with kingdom ſeem fond to unite,
Fair and ſquare make their terms, and keep all right and tight,
We'll drink to each other, nor longer ſeem ſtrange,
And freely OLD STINGO for CLARET exchange.
Chorus---Then away, &c.

French wines we'll encourage the work to complete,
And barter ſteel chains for the brandy that's neat;
By SOLIDS for FLUIDS in traffic obtain,
BURGUNDY for buckles, for buttons CHAMPAIGNE.
Chorus---Then away, &c.

Succeſs to both kingdoms, to Ireland the ſame,
The Right Boys and White Boys I truſt ſhe'll reclaim;
If not, may they quickly be ſent clear away,
With SWINDLERS and SMUGGLERS to BOTANY BAY.

CHORUS.

Then away with deſpair, arts and artiſts ſhall thrive,
And England, old England ſee Commerce revive.

STATE

STATE GAME: or, the ROAD to CHURCH PREFERMENT.

Tune---Hark, hark away, away to the Downs.

COME, come, my boys, the ſport purſue,
Stateſmen have glorious game in view,
THURLOW, the leader of the chace,
Danger was ne'er afraid to face.
Hark to his call,
PLACE-HUNTERS all,
Great are his talents, great his wiſhes,
All to his ſway,
Tribute muſt pay,
Who mean to ſhare the LOAVES and FISHES.

When death his fatal dart diſpatch'd,
And from his See a BISHOP ſnatch'd;
Eager to gain the holy prize,
The LEARNED LORD in rapture cries!
Haſte, brother, haſte,
The die is caſt,
DURHAM has charms, embrace the hour,
Rouze at the word!
'Twill joy afford,
It ſhall be thine, for mine's the power.

When BILLY PITT ſaw what was done,
Whoſe turn of courſe muſt needs come on,
He watch'd his points, for t'was his plan,
To ſerve his truly PRETYMAN;
LINCOLN ſhall be
Reſerv'd for thee,
PRETYMAN will I be a friend to;
Say what men will,
Spite of their ſkill,
MERIT to INT'REST ſtill muſt bend to.

Tho' ſome whoſe hearts on game are ſet,
Do what they will, ne'er forward get;

This pretty YOUTH with little pains,
Leaps o'er the heads of all the DEANS,
Right or right not,
Let this be thought,
It will be ſo whoever King is;
Still to make good
PREFERMENT's road,
A friend at Court the only THING is.

OXFORD with keen and envious eye
This partial dealing muſt eſpy;
Of SWEETS which ſoften anxious cares,
CAMBRIDGE a double portion ſhares;
Fortune to reap,
Fond of the leap,
LORD NORTH, who finger'd once the treaſure,
Play'd juſt the ſame
Self-pleaſing game,
And tipt his brother WINCHESTER MEASURE.

HUNTERS through life mankind appear,
Some hunt the FOX, and ſome the HARE,
TRADESMEN in queſt of honeſt fame,
Hunting of pelf find tedious game;
Int'reſt of courſe
Will have its force,
DIVINES, its ſtrength who reconnoitre,
Say, 'tis in church,
Both game and lurch,
And at one deal can win a *mitre*.

BOTANY BAY.

Tune---A Cobler there was.

AWAY with all whimſical bubbles of air,
Which only excite a momentary ſtare;
Attention to plans of utility pay,
Weigh anchor and ſteer towards BOTANY BAY.

Let

Let no one think much of a trifling expence,
Who knows what may happen a hundred years hence;
The loſs of America what can repay?
New colonies ſeek for at BOTANY BAY.

O'er Neptune's domain how extenſive the ſcope!
Of quickly returning how diſtant the hope!
The CAPE muſt be doubled, and then bear away,
Two thouſand good leagues to reach BOTANY BAY.

Of thoſe *precious* ſouls which for nobody care,
It ſeems a large cargo the kingdom can ſpare;
To ſhip a few hundreds off make no delay,
They cannot too ſoon go to BOTANY BAY.

They go of an iſland to take ſpecial charge,
Much warmer than Britain, and ten times as large;
No Cuſtom-houſe duty, no freightage to pay,
And tax-free they'll live when at BOTANY BAY.

This garden of Eden, this new promis'd land,
The time to ſet ſail for is almoſt at hand;
Ye worſt of land-lubbers, make ready for ſea,
There's room for you all about BOTANY BAY.

As ſcores of each ſex to this place muſt proceed,
In twenty years time---only think of the breed;
Major Semple, ſhould Fortune much kindneſs diſplay,
May live to be king over BOTANY BAY.

For a general good, make a general ſweep,
The beauty of life is good order to keep;
With night-prowling hateful diſturbers away,
And ſend the whole tribe into BOTANY BAY.

Ye chiefs who go out on this naval exploit,
The work to accompliſh, and ſet matters right;
To IRELAND be kind, call at CORK on your way,
And take a few WHITE BOYS to BOTANY BAY.

Commercial arrangements give proſpect of joy,
Fair and firm may be kept ev'ry national tie;
And mutual confidence thoſe who betray,
Be ſent to the bottom of BOTANY BAY.

The CONVICTS' DEPARTURE.

Tune---Early one morn a jolly brisk Tar.

WHAT if the parting day is at hand,
Never at fate be railing,
Though from a rich and plentiful land,
We muſt be quickly ſailing;
Let not our boſoms fear diſplay,
Future events concerning,
Though we are going to BOTANY BAY,
Never from thence returning.

Food that's as good as heart can wiſh,
Soon may be there acquir'd,
Fineſt of FOWL, and ſweeteſt of FISH,
What can be more deſir'd?
Labour apart---where every day
Nature is kindly giving,
Plenty to have, and nothing to pay,
That is the land to live in.

We'll not for England care a pin,
If when abroad well treated,
Give us good ſtore of Holland's gin,
Then is the work compleated.
Care who the great ones will attend,
Seldom the mind perplexes,
When thro' the year there's no demand
Either for RENT or TAXES.

Laws which made here the MAKERS ſhame?
Every year want mending;
When afar off about the GAME,
There will be no contending;
PHEASANTS, and DUCKS, and HARES we'll kill,
All with the ſport delighted,
And not a ſoul, go where he will,
Ever ſhall be indicted.

Having theſe glorious things in view,
Why any dread at ſtarting,
Hang'd be the wretch whoſe heart can ſhew
Any regret at parting;
Over the waves our courſe we'll bend,
Glad the fond hope to cheriſh,
Better to range in a foreign land,
Than in a priſon periſh.

The BUDGET without any TAX.

Tune---Rural Felicity.

THE tables are turning, rejoice at the meaſure,
No kind of freſh burthens are laid on our backs;
We've got what muſt give ev'ry Engliſhman pleaſure,
A BUDGET without one additional TAX.

CHORUS.

Whilſt DUTCHMEN are wrangling,
Diſputing and jangling,
Let BRITONS enjoy the ſweet comforts of peace,
Come---ſee---bleſt unanimity,
Sureſt of means to make TAXES decreaſe.

The realm ev'ry year finds her finances mending,
And will, if no broils lead the kingdom aſtray;
Let PRUSSIA and FRANCE, if they like, be contending,
But ENGLAND, I hope, will keep out of the fray.
Chorus---Whilſt Dutchmen, &c.

On TRADE as the ſource of our welfare depending,
All over the globe keep the object in view;
With every STATE may a good underſtanding,
Be GOVERNMENT's true and grand plan to purſue.
Chorus---Whilſt Dutchmen, &c.

MYNHEERS may be factious, and grief ſore have ſtung 'em,
For us when in trouble but little they car'd,

GEORGE

GEORGE GORDON---and welcome---may make one among 'em,
No man in this kingdom can better be ſpar'd.

CHORUS.

Whilſt DUTCHMEN are wrangling,
Diſputing and jangling,
Let BRITONS enjoy the ſweet comforts of peace,
Come---ſee---bleſt unanimity,
Sureſt of means to make TAXES decreaſe.

The INDIA BILL. A CONSTITUTIONAL SONG.

Tune---The Vicar of BRAY.

THE Grecian bards may ſing about
The laws of ancient Sparta,
Fair Albion's ſons concluſion draw,
Reſpecting MAGNA CHARTA;
But ſince the date (in Runny Mead)
Of ſacred proteſtations,
In Engliſh hiſtory we read,
Of forty innovations.

CHORUS.

And this is truth, I will maintain,
Tho' minds may be divided;
That men in power, let who will reign,
By intereſt will be guided.

From annual cuſtom Parliament,
Elections made TRIENNIAL;
That period being thought too ſhort,
They then became SEPTENNIAL.
And by the very ſame reſolves
Which right ſo oft eraſes,
They might as well have further gone,
And fix'd for life their places.

Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

In

In George the Third's illuſtrious reign,
There ſoon commenc'd a ſquabble,
Scotch politics were introduc'd,
And faction fir'd the rabble;
Electors with contempt and ſcorn,
Were by th' elected treated,
And Parliament on WILKES's lap,
Caus'd LUTTRELL to be ſeated.
Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

But when the times had veer'd about,
Obſerve what deviation;
When FOX was IN, and NORTH was OUT,
What wond'rous alteration;
The records from the ſhelf were fetch'd,
Where law had often rotted;
And what twelve years had ſtood the teſt,
Was from the Journals blotted.
Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

A patriotic legion next,
Appear'd with zeal unſhaken;
Crown Influence to render leſs,
Uncommon pains were taken;
But when ſnug places many got,
And ſome were Peers created,
They ſtrove t'enforce the very plan
They'd ſo much reprobated.
Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

The various turns and ſhifts to ſee,
Surpriz'd each honeſt heart is;
When COALITION meaſures form'd
A piebal'd train of parties;
They ſnatch'd the reins from Majeſty,
A daring uſurpation;
And made him chooſe a Miniſtry
Againſt his inclination.
Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

The

The keeneſt wits in daily print,
Are now each other laſhing;
The deepeſt ſages of the law,
In ſentiment are claſhing;
Since pro and con the Houſes run,
And things appear myſterious,
The CHARTER'D RIGHTS of ENGLISHMEN
Are render'd too precarious.
Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

The India Bill full two to one,
The Commons paſs'd with pleaſure;
The Lords---when *rumour'd* that the Crown
Was hoſtile to the meaſure;
Obedient to the nod of Power,
Of Charters made a handle;
And d—m—'d the Bill at midnight hour,
By bell, book, fire, and candle.

CHORUS.

And this is truth, I will maintain,
Tho' minds may be divided;
That men in power, let who will reign,
By Intereſt will be guided.

The JOLLY TRAVELLERS.

Tune---Hark, hark to the Summons.

AWAY with contention, the toaſt ſend about,
What matter to us, who is in or who's out;
That commerce may flouriſh where freedom is found,
Be diſcord diſcarded, and politics drown'd.

Our burthens, tho' heavy, we truly may ſay,
By TRADE all our debts and our taxes we pay;
'Tis Britain's SHEET ANCHOR, that ſtamina bright,
Which holds in one chain every ſocial delight.

Wit

:h hearts light as air, when their bodies are ſound,
: ſons of fair commerce trip over the ground,
: arts to encourage they range the world o'er,
:h climate ſurvey, every region explore.

evening's approach, when their rounds they have beat,
w happy, how joyous each other to meet;
od humour to cheriſh, all minds are afloat,
d each does his utmoſt true mirth to promote.

Tune---Welcome, welcome, brother Debtor.

Tho' we chearfully together,
Uncontroul'd the evening paſs,
In the morn to brave the weather,
Of our hardſhips think, alas!
Fear diſdaining to diſcover,
Tho' the north winds keenly blow!
Go we muſt, and venture over,
Beds of ice and fields of ſnow.

When in depth of hoary winter,
Darkneſs ſpreads her mantle round,
O'er the dreary heath we venture,
Where no beaten track is found;
What tho' hard the fates declare it,
What if fears the mind beſet:
'Tis our duty, we muſt bear it,
'Twould a folly be to fret.

Tune---Hark, hark away, away to the Downs.

Soon as we reach the happy ſpot,
Toils of the day are then forgot,
The hoſtler, hoſt, and chambermaid,
Delight to ſee the ſons of trade;
Chat with a friend,
Then recommend
Patterns---you no where better can ſee
Search kingdoms through,
All muſt allow,
Birmingham beats the world for fancy.

Bowling

Bowling along the broad highway,
Once on a pleaſant ſummer's day,
Four jolly ſouls by many known,
Chance in the way it ſeems had thrown;
One my good, Sir,
From Manchester,
Warwickſhire ſoil produc'd another,
Up to 'em made,
A Sheffield blade,
And clos'd the rear with a Wiltſhire Clothier.

Mancheſter boaſts of Velverets,
And plenty of good orders gets,
Wiltſhire for Drabs finds traffic kind,
Sheffield has Knives and Sciſſars to grind;
Buttons in taſte,
Coat, link, and breaſt,
Neat plated Buckles, oval and ſquare, Sir,
All faſhions try,
But mark how you buy,
For hard and ſharp is Birmingham ware, Sir.

Now as the ſocial cup goes round,
Seated on Nature's friendly ground,
Party we'll in oblivion drown,
This be the toaſt the night to crown--
Spite of our foes,
Quickly may thoſe,
Freedom and peace who wiſh to nourish,
Hearty and free,
All live to ſee,
Taxes decreaſe and commerce flouriſh.

HARVEST HOME.

Tune---Come haſte to the Wedding.

COME lay by the ſickle till next ſummer ſeaſon,
Our hopes are compleated, our harveſt is crown'd;
To recompence labour 'tis nothing but reaſon,
With heart-giving cheer ſhall the pitcher go round.

CHORUS.

Then let us be joyous,
For what ſhould annoy us,
Since nature her uſual kindneſs out-tops;
Come, ſee, rural feſtivity,
Peaſants rejoicing o'er plentiful crops.

No words to the ear of a peaſant are ſweeter,
More pleaſing no ſound than to hear HARVEST HOME;
The banquet of mirth is an Engliſh *Champetre*,
Where all drink ſucceſs to the plough and the loom.
Chorus---Then let us be joyous, &c.

To ripen the grain Summer never felt warmer,
For laſt year's defect, what an ample ſupply!
Without any cauſe we are too apt to murmur,
For Britons the choiceſt of bleſſings enjoy.
Chorus---Then let us be joyous, &c.

The arts who've long droop'd, peace and plenty poſſeſſing,
New life from the year eighty-three will derive;
Throughout the whole kingdom a proſpect ſo pleaſing,
Gives vigour to trade, and makes commerce revive.
Chorus---Then let us be joyous, &c.

The earth teems with plenty, our bleſſings are many,
To comfort the hearts of the labouring poor,
Who look for a pound of good bread for a penny,
They can't expect leſs, and they aſk for no more.
Chorus---Then let us be joyous, &c.

To mirth ſo compleat no intruders e'er break in,
No ſouls for a while can be happier ſeen;

We dance, ſing, and drink to all friends round the Wrekin,
Our ſweethearts, our wives, and long life to the Queen.

CHORUS.

Then let us be joyous,
For what ſhould annoy us,
Since nature her uſual kindneſs out-tops;
Come ſee, rural feſtivity,
Peaſants rejoicing o'er plentiful crops.

The GENERAL ELECTION.

Tune---Shawnbree.

DISSOLUTION's the word, and the writs are all out,
Every man to his ſtation;
Mark! what a rattle, and ſee what a rout,
Proceeds from this ſudden occaſion:
Fair FREEDOM's the ſound, that is echo'd around,
And *drinking*, to ſhew firm affection,
Is the old Engliſh fun, that is ſtill carried on,
At every *General Election*.

Bankers and Brokers leave London in haſte,
A love for their country pretending;
And greedy *Contractors*, of Boroughs in queſt,
To *Tinkers* and *Taylors* are bending;
Fine words are diſplay'd, fair promiſes made,
But when the grand work is effected,
Till ſix years are gone, out of twenty ſcarce one,
See the *Places* for which they're elected.

Strange *ups* and *downs* have a few weeks diſplay'd,
Changing for worſe or for better;
Soon on their backs BURKE and CRUGER were laid,
Than *Briſtol* few *Conteſts* were greater:
What long time agone, at *Stafford* was known,
Poor WHITWORTH has felt to his ſorrow;
That mere *weight of metal* the buſineſs will ſettle,
And always make ſure of the *Borough*.

Coventry

Coventry Lions outrageous are grown
Nor is there a ſoul that will doubt it;
Windows they break, knock the *Conſtables* down,
And ſwear they know nothing about it:
Theſe *Knights of the Blue*, when the blood's heated, ſhew
So much of the *Bedlam* complexion,
That thoſe moſt of all, who for *Liberty* bawl,
Turn *ſavage* at every *Election*.

In *E'ſham*'s ſweet vale, 'twere a very hard heat,
And KEPPEL, though jockey'd at *Windſor*,
On *Guildford*'s fair plains his antagoniſt beat,
And the *knowing-ones* deeply took in, Sir:
SIR WATKIN may frown, and well be caſt down,
Hearty lads for the cauſe did he muſter;
But ſpite of their ſkill, let them do what they will,
He always is jockey'd at *Wor'ſter*.

Warwickſhire Lads, to their honour be't ſaid,
Independence have ever ſupported;
Ne'er may ſo noble a cauſe be betray'd,
Or its intereſt ever deſerted:
The free *Sons of Trade*, by unity ſway'd,
Diſplay ſuch a powerful connexion;
When conteſts ariſe, 'tis the BIRMINGHAM BOYS,
That always can crown an *Election*.

PARLIAMENT WAKE.

Tune---Of Heroes and Stateſmen I'll juſt mention four.

HARK, hark to the call!—DISSOLUTION's the word,
Which doubtleſs will pleaſure to thouſand's afford;
The young and the aged, the clown and the rake,
All ſing, drink, and chat about Parliament Wake.

This ſound both the LAWYER and INN-KEEPER cheers,
And poor working Burgeſſes prick up their ears;

For theſe are the men who the moſt of it make,
And alw ays ſeem fondeſt of Parliament Wake.

The Candidate, pliant as mortal can be,
Solicits your vote independent and free;
And thoſe by the hand will he lovingly ſhake,
Which he never comes near but at Parliament Wake.

To keep in good humour the thoughtleſs and vain,
All parties no doubt ev'ry effort will ſtrain,
But the trouble and coſt will make many hearts ache,
Before they have waded through Parliament Wake.

Now through the whole kingdom the matter is plain,
Confuſion and riot for two months will reign;
The people at large of the ſport will partake,
And caſh become current at Parliament Wake.

By meaſures purſu'd, till of late never ſeen,
Too much public buſineſs impeded has been;
'Tis hop'd ſuch proceedings the houſe will forſake,
And a general reform follow Parliament Wake.

PATROLLING.

Tune---Moggy Lauder.

FOR lenity let who will plead,
To them I'd give no quarter,
In dead of night who ſhops invade,
And break through brick and mortar;
But how this mode of villainy,
To conquer is the matter;
PATROLLING is the remedy,
There cannot be a better.

A good look out there muſt be had,
Nor can we do without it;
I wiſh to ſee—the bold and free,
Set heartily about it;

Few

Few raſcals in the night for prey,
  Will in the ſtreets be prowling;
When men of real property,
  Take pleaſure in PATROLLING.

At CASTLE BROMWICH t'other day,
  For want of vigils keeping,
Two villains ſought their hidden prey,
  Where thirteen ſouls were ſleeping;
It much amaz'd both poor and rich!
  Who ſtood with eyes uplifted!
When told what from the *magic ſwitch*,
  So dext'rouſly was ſhifted.

It muſt be cruel they have ſaid,
  Who feign would not aſſemble,
To ſend the women up to bed,
  And then abroad to ramble;
But they who bear the name of men,
  Will not be heard to grumble,
Though like MAIL COACHES now and then,
  They get a roll and tumble.

Patrolling at a trifling coſt,
  Will anſwer I'll engage it;
To aid the plan—be this the toaſt,
  What Briton but will pledge it?
To thoſe whoſe deeds will ſtand the teſt,
  A laſting preſervation;
Throughout the world, to all the reſt,
  A ſpeedy reformation.

The BISHOPS turn'd NAVIGATORS;

A Song, on the Worceſter intended Canal Bill being thrown out of the Houſe of Peers.

Tune—The chace of Kilruddy.

NAVIGATION's a lottery frequently had,
And ſome it makes chearful, and ſome it makes ſad;
STOURPORT and HAMPTON rejoicing have been,
Whilſt others elſewhere have been deeply took in;
CANALS pay ſo well, can it wonder excite,
Why ſome to get freſh ones ſo fondly unite,
For why, tell me why! ſhould a few private elves,
Engroſs the good things of the world to themſelves.

That PIT-COAL's a bleſſing will not be deny'd,
For ever with us may that bleſſing abide,
But whilſt we have plenty, and plenty to ſpare,
Is it right that our neighbours ſhould not have a ſhare?
But think with what ſtrange apprehenſions it fills,
The owners of lands and the owners of mills!
Whoſe anger was rais'd to a very high pitch,
At what many ſaid would have been a DRY DITCH.

Delays on the Severn for commerce make bad,
There ſhould, and there muſt be a regular trade,
But if I'm not greatly deceiv'd in my aim,
The Marquis of Staffordſhire play'd a ſly game;
Spectators might well with amazement be fill'd,
When heaps of lawn ſleeves in the houſe they beheld:
The ſcene was alarming, for all of us know,
The *lumber troop* always with miniſtry go.

A conteſt ſo great on a mere private bill,
With wonder muſt many undoubtedly fill,
A dozen RIGHT REV'RENDS object to the plan,
And ſtrong NAVIGATORS commence to a man;
Providing a war very ſoon ſhould take place,
Our monarch I hope will conſider the caſe,

Think,

Think, think GRACIOUS GEORGE of the BISHOPS I pray,
One half keep at home---let the reſt go to SEA.

LANDAFF's learned PRELATE as public prints tell,
In chymics and nautics but few can excel,
Inſtead of the MITRE---of many the jeſt,
Let the ANCHOR or COMPASS appear for his CREST;
But think not the CLOTH I would wiſh to diſgrace,
Not one ſhould have leſs than a COMMODORE's place,
And why not to figure in KEPPEL's next *wake*,
The PRIMATE OF YORK a VICE ADMIRAL make.

Int'reſt the bill through the lower houſe bears,
And int'reſt 'tis ſaid threw it out of the PEERS;
Our hopes tho' once baffled again ſhall revive,
A fig for the calls, keep the ſpirit alive;
Rouze, rouſe! ye COMMITTEE MEN every one,
Fear not in the end but the work will be done,
And if you compleatly would manage affairs,
Take care that the BISHOPS are furniſh'd with SHARES.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

Tune---Nancy Dawſon.

FROM pinching cold when friends retire,
The pleaſant pit-coal parlour fire,
For ſprightly mirth creates deſire,
And brightens converſation.
The earth affords of fuel ſtore,
Our SLUCIES run from ſhore to ſhore,
And what for Commerce has done more,
Than INLAND NAVIGATION?

Support each laudable deſign,
Freſh LEVELS take---extend the LINE,
And hardeſt rocks to undermine,
If need make preparation.

From

From SEVERN to the ISIS go,
Delve on, my boys, it muſt be ſo,
The life and ſoul of commerce now
Is INLAND NAVIGATION.

To ſmooth the way from place to place,
And fair SABRINA's tide embrace,
The land would ſoon a million raiſe,
If wanted for the occaſion;
Their zeal ſo great, their minds ſo free,
OLD NEPTUNE would have ſmil'd to ſee,
The SONS of TRADE ſo chearfully,
Promoting NAVIGATION.

Advent'rous hearts who plough the main,
From unknown lands to wealth obtain,
The name of COOK (untimely ſlain)
Muſt hold in veneration;
To diſtant climes by choice went he,
To nobly ſerve poſterity,
And loſt his life in glorioufly!
Extending NAVIGATION.

Strike out ye veſſels, brave each ſtream,
And boldly at freſh markets aim,
For ſhy of late our neighbours ſeem,
And crampt is exportation;
Let FRANCE in *air* her feats diſplay,
On *land* the EMPEROR boaſt his ſway,
BRITANNIA's empire is the *ſea*,
Her pride---free NAVIGATION.

To render commerce more complete,
Where long the ARTS have fix'd their ſeat,
May plans for greateſt ſervice meet
The warmeſt approbation;
With fervent zeal the cauſe to bleſs,
Around the board fill every glaſs,
And in a brimmer drink ſucceſs,
To INLAND NAVIGATION.

The BOWLING-GREEN FESTIVAL.

Tune---The general Election.

IN life's merry round---with hearts that are ſound,
When ſubject to no innovations;
A Bowling-green feaſt---is ſurely the beſt,
And fineſt of all recreations;
On WORCESTERSHIRE plains---where harmony reigns,
If truly inviting the weather,
For mirth all inclin'd---you'll frequently find,
Good ſouls, a round hundred together.

On ven'ſon that's fine---how glorious to dine,
WILL SHAKESPEARE would thieve it, they tell us;
And doubtleſs the BARD---paid a ſpecial regard,
To feaſting with hearty good fellows;
Let niggards hum-drum---keep glouting at home,
Themſelves and their families ſtarving,
Whilſt open and free---the lovers of glee,
The good things of nature are carving.

Pleaſure in horſe-racing often is found,
None will deny the aſſertion;
To ſee the bold ROCKINGHAM ſweep o'er the ground,
To many gives noble diverſion;
But when on the green---a party is ſeen,
To feſtive enjoyments invited,
Tho' rubs will enſue---when bowling's in view,
All---all with the ſport are delighted.

Come, throw off the JACK---nor of playing be ſlack,
And mark well its different traces;
Flee, flee, and *beware---rub, rub*, and *forbear*,
Are bowling-green jocular phraſes;
LEIGH SINTON's the village, where every year,
We meet to be friendly and joyous,
From feaſting, my worthies, there's nothing to fear,
So the HEAD's not too much on the BIAS.

Tho'

Tho' ſtrange it may ſeem, not to look at the coſt,
In WOR'STER 'tis roundly aſſerted,
To a poor WIDOW's grief, that a bowling-green muſt,
To a *Vinegar-yard* be converted:
The DEAN in his mind---tho' worldly inclin'd,
In a *ſpiritual* light may review it,
But a VINEGAR SAINT---what language can paint,
'Twould puzzle a BISHOP to do it.

When the heart's blithe and gay---old ſages will ſay,
Time's precious---let no one miſuſe it,
And as freedom's our boaſt---I'll offer a TOAST;
And I think not a ſoul will refuſe it;
" To thoſe hearty cheer---for each other each year,
" Whoſe friendſhip grows warmer and warmer,
" And a good roll-about---in a tub of SOUR crout,
" To every notorious INFORMER."

The PAVIERS. A BIRM——GM CANTATA.

Tune---The Maid of the Mill for me.

THE ſtout ruſtic blade that can handle a ſpade,
And willing to ſtir from home,
By care if beſet---employment to get,
Need only to Birmingham come;
The bluff Paddy-whack, with no coat to his back,
That hither may chance to ſteer,
Encouragement meets---for CHURCHES and STREETS!
Perpetually want repair.

Obſerve ev'ry day, how the people flock,
To peep at what's going on;
The muſical farce of HAMMER and BLOCK,
Has had an uncommon run;
The GREAT-ONES deviſe---the POOR-ONES ſurmiſe,
But ever and every where,
The medium kind, of people you find,
The chief of the burthen bear.

Tune

Tune---Prate like a Parrot, a Parrot.

As along the broad way, I happen'd to ſtray,
When the High-ſtreet was all of a pudding, a pudding;
To hear the debates, oppoſition creates,
I turn'd myſelf round on a ſudden, a ſudden;
Some grumble, ſome bawl---and many ſing ſmall,
But thoſe whom their int'reſt it favours, it favours,
With pleaſure look on, the work that is done,
And ſmiling, cry, "God bleſs the PAVIERS, the PAVIERS."

When near to the SWAN, the Paviers began,
Their treatment was not quite ſo civil, ſo civil;
The ſhop-keepers frown'd, caſt their eyes on the ground,
And curs'd both the LINE and the LEVEL, the LEVEL;
On viewing the whole, cries a good-natur'd ſoul,
"In peace tho' I've long been a dweller, a dweller,
"Who his temper can keep, when they're delving ſo deep,
"I'm afraid they'll break into my CELLAR, my CELLAR."

Tune---Sing, I'll maintain of Engliſhmen.

Good cattle and good roads, good Sirs,
I've heard old coachmen ſay,
Are things that oft make paſſengers,
Look pleaſant as the day.

CHORUS.

In life I truſt, the maxim's juſt,
And has for ages ſtood,
That of the two---a PRIVATE view,
Should yield to PUBLIC good.

My ſentiments are frank and free,
I love my native town;
And did the matter reſt with me,
I'd have the SHAMBLES down.
Chorus---In life I truſt, &c.

Tune---Highgate and Hornſ.

Off with a bumper, jollity ſhew,
Cheriſh all honeſt endeavours;
Drink to the ARTS, the LOOM, and the PLOW,
And health and ſucceſs to the PAVIERS.

CHORUS.

DIG away, PECK away, ſtill may the mind
Daily improvements diſcover,
And lovers of peace and harmony, find
Good travelling all the WORLD over.

All that we wiſh is plenty of trade,
LEVIES, though heavy we find 'em,
If ORDERS are kind, and chearfully paid,
Why then not a BUTTON we mind 'em.
Chorus---Dig away, peck away, &c.

The PAVIERS MUSIC.

Tune---The Rakes of Malla.

NOW to labour haſte my crony,
Well I like the lad that's bonny,
Birmingham has ſtore of money,
'Tis in vain to prattle;
Our good maſters we'll obey,
Toughly tug and toil away,
Bend our backs, and through the day,
Make the ſtones to rattle.

Of our muſic taſte the marrow,
Now we're at it rantantara,
Pick-axe, hammer, ſpade, and barrow,
In one cauſe combining;
Off at ſcore we boldly throw,
Pleaſant as the bells of Bow,
Up and down our hammers go,
All in concert joining,

Duty

Duty conſtantly attending,
Many pleaſing, few offending,
Whilſt the town that's always mending,
Of no coſt is ſparing;
Some of Portland quarry brag,
Some the foot path wiſh to flag,
Others ſay the Rowley rag,
Beats the globe for wearing.

Ply the cann boys, brave the weather,
Clay if not well moiſten'd, never
Faſt and firm can hold together,
Give the heart enjoyment:
In a large free trading town,
Paviers work is never done,
Taking up and laying down,
That is our employment.

On the wings of fancy riſing,
Tradeſmen fortunes realizing,
Still be generous, ſtill deviſing,
And in plenty revel;
Make the land with joy to ring,
Whilſt the PAVIERS gladly ſing
Things well time, for Time will bring,
All things to a level.

FREEDOM's FAIR GROUND; A SONG on the TREATY of COMMERCE.

Tune---Lillies of France.

E friends to fair freedom, and ſons of true-worth,
Who love a few moments devoted to mirth;
recompence make for the toil of the day,
ow it all muſt---there's a time to be gay;
at time to embrace, in the evening reſort,
e pleaſure the meeting at COMUS's COURT.

We meet to be joyous; what's life without cheer?
And cheerful we will be, care never comes here;
The earth teems with plenty, profuse are her ſmiles,
Great-Britain may ſtill be the happieſt of iſles;
And whilſt o'er the ocean her veſſels ſhall go,
Where genius preſides, trade is certain to flow.

The proſpect how pleaſing---of COMMERCE I mean,
When EDEN returns from the banks of the SEINE;
May kingdom 'gainſt kingdom no more live in ſpite,
For both 'twere much better to trade than to fight;
Keep war at a diſtance, with wranglers away,
Diſturbers of peace ſend to BOTANY BAY.

French wines we'll encourage the work to complete,
And barter ſteel toys for the brandy that's neat;
We'll drink to each other no longer ſeem ſtrange,
Old STINGO for CLARET we'll freely exchange;
By SOLIDS for FLUIDS in traffic obtain,
BURGUNDY for buckles, for buttons champaigne.

Together---for why ſhould diſtinction be ſhewn?
The MERCHANT, the TRADESMAN, and ARTIST ſit down;
'Tis FANCY, bright FANCY---the main ſpring of trade
Makes BIRMINGHAM flouriſh; for this may be ſaid---
INVENTION is boundleſs on FREEDOM's fair ground,
Its equal is not in the world to be found.

JOHN WESLEY's PROPHESY.

Tune---St. David's Day.

THAT ſage Divine, JOHN WESLEY ſays,
(I'll not the point contend)
In eighteen hundred, thirty-ſix,
The World will have an end.

Of thoſe uncommon lengths that go,
Who goſpel truths peruſe;

I aſk

I aſk no more than juſt to know,
From whence he gets his News.

The confirmation may wait,
And ſome to eaſe their fears,
Say no ſuch News from Heaven yet,
Has reach'd the Biſhops ears.

Few Prieſts which muſt from hence be hurl'd,
But longer time would crave,
And many ſay a better World,
They never wiſh to have.

Change Brokers whether young or old,
Religion never ſhocks;
Or this fore-knowledge greatly would,
Have tumbled down the Stocks.

When England's Lords and Commons have,
With Warren Haſtings done;
For want of time 'tis thought no more,
State Trials will come on.

What ſtrange confuſion will be ſeen,
What fear the mind betray,
When men to ſave their ſouls begin,
Eſtates to give away.

The Lawyers of their fees bereft,
Will all look wond'rous thin;
Of parchment, when no time is left
To fill another ſkin.

The plough will reſt, the arts be dead,
Each author drop his quill;
And not a creature ſtand in need,
Of Eſculapian ſkill.

To banking-houſes, ſweep foots then,
Will all go uncontroul'd;
Neglected throw their black flour by,
And fill their bags with gold.

The buſkin heroes to a man,
The world whilſt Atlas props;
Will live as gaily as they can,
Until the curtain drops.

Since Father Time ſo very ſoon,
His bottom muſt wind up;
With dry lips rather than lie down,
Repleniſh every cup.

Then let to crown our evening's mirth,
A toaſt to thoſe go round;
Of every ſect throughout the earth,
Whoſe hearts are true and ſound.

SEVEN DEVILS in the TAYLOR.

Tune---An old Woman cleathed in grey.

SEVEN DEVILS in BRISTOL 'tis ſaid,
A weſt country taylor poſſeſt,
Whoever the ſtory has read,
Muſt think it a curious Jeſt;
Seven PARSONS who knew how to act,
A conqueſt made o'er the whole crew,
As eaſy as HUMPHRIES in fact,
Did over MENDOZA the JEW.

Of what ſize or ſhape they may be,
As dæmons to miſchief are prone;
Mankind will in general agree,
'Tis enough to be troubled with one;
GEORGE LUKINS ſtrange things has declar'd,
And if his own word may be ta'en,
Of no ſuch a wonder we've heard!
Since that which aroſe in Cock Lane.

To arms ſeven champions train'd,
Of old mighty feats did obtain;
By the titular ſaint of the land,
The dragon of Wantley was ſlain;

In

In print if the tales that appear,
Serve only our laughter to heighten;
The TAYLOR of BRISTOL 'tis clear,
Has outdone the TAYLOR of BRIGHTON.

If George by the death-wound he gave,
The dragon, could ſainthip aſſume;
What honours ought they not to have,
Who did ſeven dæmons o'ercome;
If truth to the bottom we trace,
What leſs as divines can be done;
Let merit alone weigh the caſe,
Make a biſhop of every one.

Tranſactions are ſure to occur,
That will our aſtoniſhment raiſe!
And tho' we may ſafely aver,
That miracles never will ceaſe;
Whatever the papers announce,
It muſt be a cowardly plan,
To have ſeven devils at once,
Attack the ninth part of a man.

Of taylors we're apt to make fun,
About them we frequently chatter;
And many when hard they are run,
Not a button-hole care for the matter
Then let us when over our bowls,
Our hearts in true friendſhip regale;
And laugh at thoſe credulous ſouls,
Who ſwallow this cock and bull tale.

SONG.

Tune---The Princeſs loſt her ſhoe.

GEORGE GORDON by profeſſion,
Was once a chriſtian ſound,
Think what a ſtrange digreſſion,
The like was never found;
So rivetted—within his head,
The Jewiſh tenets ſeem,
The mother Kirk---would find hard work,
The ſinner to reclaim.

CHORUS.

Doodle doodle doo,
What will this world come to;
Who by his look---would e'er have took,
GEORGE GORDON for a Jew.

This ſtrange eccentric being,
Too apt to change his road,
In Birmingham not long ſince,
Took up his ſnug abode;
The men of faith---in modern GATH,
Muſt think his lordſhip mad,
To ſee him run---from CALVIN JOHN,
And join the tribe of GAD.

CHORUS.

Doodle doodle doo,
What will this world come to;
Eight years agone---would any one,
Have ta'en him for a JEW.

To London when they brought him,
His charge to undergo,
The RABBIES fondly ſought him,
Their homage to avow,
Nay ſome who came---that knew his fame,
With joy enraptur'd ſaid!
Be ſlander dumb---here's MOSES come,
Juſt riſen from the dead.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Doodle doodle doo,
GEORGE GORDON turning Jew,
His chriſtian flock---gives ſuch a ſhock,
They know not what to do.

What though the law may curb him,
And perhaps his fears alarm:
'Twere pity to diſturb him,
He meant no kind of harm;
To NEWGATE tho' compell'd to go,
From what has ſince appear'd,
At jokes and ſcoffs---he only laughs,
And ſtrokes his comely BEARD.

CHORUS.

Doodle doodle doo,
The tale tho' ſtrange is true;
And certainly---Lord George muſt be
The JEWEL of a JEW.

The FALSE ALARM.

ABOUT Britain's Monarch how great the Surprize!
'Twas ſaid 'tother day death had ſeal'd up his eyes;
But Heaven be prais'd of his SUN being ſet,
There's not ſuch a word in the LONDON GAZETTE.
And ſing Ballinamoni Oro,
Long life and good health to the King.

If water I drink, be it ever ſo fine,
I muſt have it mingled with brandy or wine;
And if he recovers 'tis twenty to ten,
He'll never to CHELTENHAM trip it again.
Sing Bal———ni Oro,
A cup of old ſtingo for me.

'Tis rumour'd about that this mineral ſpring,
Lord D——— laid low, and much injur'd the KING,

But

But well I'm convinc'd---when his SON fills the throne,
Noon or night that he'll never drink water alone.
Chorus---Sing Bal.

'Tis true, ſickneſs frequently ſeizes the ſtrong,
And often the FACULTY are in the wrong;
But after fatigue, whether ſubject or king,
Cold water is not for the STOMACH the thing.
Chorus---Sing Bal.

Let men fifty turn'd water drinking refrain,
Take a cup of ſtout ale, or a glaſs of Champaign;
Of doctors, the beſt will this doctrine impart,
Then give me the liquor that comforts the heart.
Chorus---Sing Bal.

In wine let us drink diſappointment to thoſe,
Who raiſe falſe alarms to diſturb our repoſe;
I wiſh o'er a bottle, freſh jokes we may crack,
And laugh at the deep SPECULATORS IN BLACK.
Sing Ballinamoni Oro,
A cup of old ſtingo for me.

A Trip from DUBLIN in ſearch of a REGENT.

An Engliſh Song to an Iriſh Tune.

SIX choſen AMBASSADORS valiant and ſtout,
In ſearch of a REGENT from DUBLIN ſet out;
With a Duke in the van, and an Earl in the rear,
Tho' fruitleſs their errand---what had they to fear?
Sing Ballinamoni Oro,
The great Duke of Leinſter for me.

Of greedy place hunters, in England a ſet,
To forward the matter had previouſly met,
Great feats to perform---expectations beat high,
But GEORGE's recovery has dampt the dear joy.
Chorus.

Tho' Ireland all kind of intruſion diſdains,
In Britain where plenty and chearfulneſs reigns,
Whate'er may be ſaid---for what tongue can be mute,
Their right to make blunders no ſoul will diſpute.
Chorus.

At CARLTON HOUSE when to the Prince they were ſhewn,
No Regent appearing---pray what could be done;
The ſcene muſt be droll---when at parting they ſaid,
"By St. PATRICK we've taken the tail for the head."
Chorus.

Whate'er theſe Ambaſſadors here may have done,
The wits about BULLS will be making their fun;
And ſome have aſſerted---their boldneſs is ſuch,
That ſix Iriſh CALVES might have done full as much.
Chorus.

Since fortune their wiſhes unkind ſeems to treat,
And longer their ends to obtain they muſt wait;
What have they to do but return back again,
To be laugh'd at by thouſands on both ſides the main.
Chorus.

Earl Spencer's new LIVERIES pleaſing muſt be,
Ornamented with REGENCY BUTTONS to ſee;
And get 'em dy'd black---they'll be uſeful no doubt,
For his friends at the ELBOWS are plaguily out.
Sing Ballinamoni Oro,
A day of thankſgiving for me

SONG on the REGENCY BILL.

Tune---As I was driving my Waggon one Day.

THE huntſman who goes to the fields with his hounds,
Though healthy at all times can't keep them in bounds,
And ſhould his purſuit a misfortune o'ertake,
The yelpers are ſure ſtrange confuſion to make.

Juſt

Juſt ſo at the helm, when affairs are not right,
For treaſury trumps, men are ready to fight,
And PITT I'm afraid who has earn'd honeſt fame,
Muſt throw down his cards and retire from the game.

In the popular days of JOHN WILKES, 'tis well known,
When the rights of election were trampled upon;
On politic ground, FOX a champion ſtept forth,
And the people he then call'd "the ſcum of the earth."

In them, ſay what truſt can the kingdom repoſe,
Who merely from envy juſt meaſures oppoſe?
As clear it appears as the ſun at noon day,
For places---they'd all become Vicars of Bray.

The Regency Bill ſorely hurts, but alas!
Neceſſity pleads, the reſtrictions muſt paſs;
For mark to his Highneſs what SHERIDAN ſaid,
"'Tis better to have half a loaf than no bread."

'Twould be wrong not to mention LANDAFF's grave divine,
The ſubject he treated, and twiſted ſo fine;
In earneſt the Houſe would have thought he appear'd,
At Lambeth had he not ſo wiſhfully leer'd.

Ye wranglers five years who've been laid on your backs,
By chance of the ſpoil when you come in for ſnacks;
The loaves divide nicely, and give if you can,
The Northumberland greyhound a ſop in the pan.

When BURKE pays the troops, and his friends give him joy,
Of the King's goodneſs ſpeak, and he'll make a ſham cry,
For EDMUND a Jeſuit's part plays as true,
As ever old MACKLIN play'd Shylock the Jew.

No ſon for his ſire that retains real love,
Confidential old ſervants would wiſh to remove,
A brimmer then fill—and with freedom give round,
"The man true and firm to his truſt that is found."

On the ILLUMINATION for his MAJESTY's Recovery. A loyal Glee.

Tune---Over the Hills and far away.

QUICKLY ye BARDS your ſongs prepare,
Let joyful plaudits rend the air;
He who this night to mirth is dead,
Is not a loyal Briton bred.

CHORUS.

From DOVER's cliffs to ORKNEY iſles,
Where freedom reigns and plenty ſmiles;
This is the heartfelt chearful ſtrain,
"The King enjoys his health again."

Never did ſons of commerce meet,
A cauſe more heartily to greet,
Trace the whole kingdom fairly round,
Never did greater joy abound.

Chorus.

The grave, the gay, the old, and young,
Parade the ſtreets—a motley throng;
The town---and truly be it ſaid,
A ſcene more brilliant ne'er diſplay'd.

Chorus.

Fluſh'd with a zeal for ſocial glee,
This wiſh'd for bleſt event to ſee,
Many who OUTWARD forms diſdain,
An extra bowl with fondneſs drain.

Chorus.

Freedom ſhall have her genuine ſway,
Care not the mind controuls to day;
Freely we'll drink, and gladly ſing,
Long life and health to GEORGE our King.

CHORUS.

From DOVER's cliffs, the kingdom through,
With loyal Britons ſound and true;
This is the heartfelt chearful ſtrain,
"The King enjoys his health again."

ROYAL FESTIVITY.

YE muſical lads and ye laſſes,
Come ſee what in Wor'ſterſhire paſſes
Save Weſtminſter where has the like ever been,
The King, Queen, and Princeſſes honour the ſcene,
Honour the ſcene
King and Queen,
And Princeſſes honour the muſical ſcene.

Let Stratford her jubilee boaſt of;
Which Garrick no doubt made the moſt of;
But now the aſſertion let who will deny,
No city with Wor'ſter for pleaſure can vie,
Pleaſure can vie,
Mirth enjoy,
No city with Wor'ſter for pleaſure can vie.

Behold all around what a cluſter,
Together how fond people muſter;
The ſwans on the Avon which Fancy eſpy'd,
Are geeſe to the ſwans on the Severn that glide,
Severn that glide,
Wor'ſter's pride,
Are geeſe to the ſwans on the Severn that glide.

But what glads the heart of each peaſant,
The corn-fields and orchards look pleaſant,
There's fruit in abundance, and juſt in its prime,
And never was ſeen a more glorious time.
Glorious time,
Happy clime,
And never was ſeen a more glorious time.

TRIP to CHELTENHAM.

Tune---Away with Contention.

POMONA's ſweet climate a viſit to pay,
When the trees ſwell'd with fruit on a long ſummer's day;
The King, Queen, and Princeſſes fondly ſet out,
No journey beſides ever caus'd ſuch a rout.

Tho' George ne'er was farther than Portſmouth before,
What has he to fear on his own native ſhore;
His abſence from Windſor whilſt innkeepers mourn,
We'll drink his good health and a happy return.

Elſewhere loyal ſouls for a few days may weep,
Whilſt this Jubilee holds into Bath take a peep;
The CRESCENT and CIRCUS are almoſt deſerted,
No place ſure like CHELTENHAM ever was courted.

To many freſh pleaſure this royal trip adds,
It gladdens the hearts of the weſt country lads;
In rapture all haſte to the favourite ſpot,
The Waters of Buxton awhile are forgot.

Nobility often to Tunbridge reſort,
But Cheltenham now---thank Sir GEORGE BAKER for't;
Has all other places for water ſurpaſs'd,
And week after week is with royalty grac'd.

With loyalty flaming, and firm as a rock,
Not a ſhepherd at Breedon but runs from his flock;
The roads are all throng'd---old and young, grave and gay,
Are tripping along, for a peep and away.

The Clothiers aſſemble, and dance, drink and ſing,
From the woods the loud echo is---"Long live the King,"
SABRINA's fair banks catch the rapturous ſound,
'Tis holiday all the whole country around.

Left ſome think you partial, I hope my good *Liege*,
Other parts of the Kingdom you'll ſtrive to oblige;
Next year with your ſuite to the north trip away,
Mount DERBYSHIRE hills---turn about is fair play.

The raree SHOW; or, march to St. PAUL's.

NOW begins the raree ſhow, Sir,
One by one the coaches go, Sir;
Rang'd with nice and true diſcretion,
All in ſolemn ſlow proceſſion.

People from all counties gazing,
At a ſcene ſo highly pleaſing;
Mark the mixture round, the Yeomen,
Lords and Commons, Dukes and Draymen.

Sweeps on tops of chimnies ſcrambling,
Garretteers from windows rambling,
Viewing from each attick ſtory,
"Solomon in all his glory."

Jews and Gentiles, Turk and Tartar,
Nimming Neds in ev'ry quarter,
Whilſt his hold in Newgate keeping
Barrington lies ſorely weeping.

Sailors 'mongſt the fond beholders,
Standing on each others ſhoulders;
And, amidſt the grave thankſgivers,
Archers with their bows and quivers.

London's chief his nag beſtriding,
Train-bands three his Lordſhip guiding;
Two to guard his naked head, Sir,
And a third his horſe to lead, Sir.

Round the choir obſerve what ſplendour,
Pomp, magnificence, and grandeur;
Old St. Paul in brilliance greater
Than was ever Rome's St. Peter!

Pompous tribute 'ſtead of paying,
Gordon George the whole ſurveying,
Would have ſworn (outrageous growing)
That the King to maſs was going.

Biſhops ſwelling like prize-fighters,
With their croziers and their mitres;
He'd have call'd it mad ambition,
Rank and Romiſh ſuperſtition.

Stateſmen

tatesmen much their pates were scratching,
Vhen this raree show was hatching;
ydney words unmeaning mumbled;
hurlow in the gizzard grumbled.

Kings---no matter where residing---
Vill their hobby-nags be riding;
Vho the brilliant sight would hinder?
Tis a feast for PETER PINDAR!

NGS *written for the 4th of of November*, 1788.

UNANIMITY's CALL.

Tune---Hark away.

OLUTION's the sound which to pleasure gives birth,
parts of the land is the summons gone forth!
berty Hall, out of liberty's bowl,
mity welcomes each free hearty soul!

CHORUS.

way to the call, and let gladness abound,
edom, fair freedom, shall here keep her ground!

and again let the bottle go round,
iscord from hence in oblivion be drown'd;
keep the cause, what has Britain to fear
peace crowns her *measures*, and plenty the year.
Chorus.

over the main---take of Europe a view---
war may old England have nothing to do;
SEPH the Emperor---once call'd the wise---
he fool---if he pleases---and fight till he dies!
Chorus.

arty divisions be now done away,
nks and degrees unanimity sway;
ritain her greatness is sure to maintain
t GEORGE in the hearts of his *subjects* shall reign!
Chorus.

Once more fill your glaſſes---what can we do leſs
Than o'er the whole kingdom to trade drink ſucceſs?
Happy days may the ſons of HIBERNIA ſee,
And Britons be ever united and free!

CHORUS.

Then away to the call, be with gladneſs replete,
For commerce, bright commerce, has here fix'd her ſeat!

SONG II.

Tune---Come then all ye ſocial powers.

BRITISH hearts the call obey,
Roſy health enjoying,
Rouze to joy, and thro' the day
Let FREEDOM's ſtag be flying.

CHORUS.

This is BRITAIN's *Jubilee,*
Mirth, without obtruſion,
Keeps in pleaſing memory
The glorious REVOLUTION.

Let it be in ſong replete,
O'er and o'er repeated,
What in ſixteen eighty-eight
Our anceſtors compleated.

Chorus.

Chace November's gloom away,
Suffer no annoyance,
Care and cloudy looks to-day
Are held in ſtrict defiance.

Chorus.

Still NASSAU's fair fame ſhall ſtand
High in eſtimation
Jubilees throughout the land
Shall crown the glad occaſion!

Chorus.

Gladly as we keep the day,
Let the world be told it,
That our children's children may
In bright remembrance hold it.

Chorus.

Whilſt the arts with mirth abound,
Trace their riſing glory,
And from hence be ever drown'd
The name of WHIG and TORY.

CHORUS.

Britons all united be,
Guard the conſtitution
Keeping ſtill in memory,
The glorious REVOLUTION.

STAGE BOXING.

THE true art of Boxing---the old Engliſh game,
Of late to ſo fond an attention lays claim;
JOHN BULL ſeems reſolv'd to throw bullets aſide,
And let by the Fiſt future conteſts be try'd.

This art if we turn about forty years back,
Was taught by old BROUGHTON, and pr:ctic'd by SLACK;
The CHAMPION was challeng'd---they mounted the ſtage,
Two more noted Bruiſers did never engage.

The conflict was long, and did fiercely begin,
Two to one were the odds---but the odds were ta'en in;
For SLACK by manœuv'ring convinc'd him at length,
That art in the conteſt was equal to ſtrength.

SLACK's reign was not long---with his match ſoon he met,
GEORGE TAYLOR; the Barber, who never was beat;
By plumpers well aim'd, in John Bull's crowded pit,
The ſwaggering Butcher ſoon made to ſubmit.

Croſs-buttocks caus'd laughter, the whole was a treat,
A feaſt for the VULGAR, and fun for the GREAT;
And CUMBERLAND WILL was as fond of the ſport,
As any PRINCE now is that graces the COURT.

MENDOZA.

Tune—The Highland Laddie.

AS tight a lad MENDOZA was,
As ever ſtoop'd a ſhoe to buckle;
Yet he on ſlippery ground alas,
To HUMPHRIES was oblig'd to truckle.

CHORUS.

The fight begins, no fear diſcern'd is,
And whilſt blow for blow return'd is;
Hark how the gazers rant and rattle!
Oh! what a charming thing's a battle.

At firſt when coming to engage,
The JEW ſo much did vaunt and vapour;
VESTRIS on the OP'RA STAGE,
Never cut ſo keen a caper.

Chorus.

The JEW their fate at ODIHAM mourn'd,
Stage bravadoes when they bet with;
The tables were at STILTON turn'd,
For HUMPHRIES there his drubbing met with.

Chorus.

Fighting is a glorious trade,
Why at this have any wonder'd?
Snugly when the loſing blade,
Guineas good can clear three hundred.

Chorus.

When the betts by ſporting keen,
Have to handſome ſums amounted;
HUMPHRIES then ſhall win again.
Turn about fair play is counted.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The fight begins no fear diſcern'd is,
And whilſt blow for blow return'd is;
Hark how the gazers rant and rattle!
Oh! what a charming thing's a battle.

The PUGILISTS; or, BANBURY THUMPS.

Tune---Warwickſhire Lads.

THE Johnſonian method of fighting,
To ſee has been highly delighting,
And thoſe of good pounds who had hundreds at ſtake,
Went fondly from London to Banbury Wake.
Banbury Wake,
Pounds at ſtake,
And ſport in abundance at Banbury Wake.

The ruſtics by hundreds came flocking,
Like good fellows met at a cocking;
And ſtouteſt of colliers were much in the dumps,
When Johnſon began with his Banbury thumps;
Banbury thumps,
Dreadful dumps,
When Johnſon began with his Banbury thumps.

Had chance thrown me there for inſpection,
I ſhould not have had an objection,
A Banbury Cake in my fiſt to encloſe,
But let me have none of your Banbury blows.
Banbury blows,
Eyes to cloſe,
More *pat* nothing can be than Banbury blows.

I never wiſh any annoyance
From thoſe who make boxing a ſcience;
Their trade to encourage let pugiliſts fight,
On the ſubject I wiſh nothing more than to write.
Warwickſhire

Warwickſhire write,
Yorkſhire fight,
Keep each to his province, and all may be right.

Mendoza attended they tell us,
Ward, Ryan, and other ſtout fellows;
The Seconds ſkipt round, their expertneſs to ſhew,
And the two Bottle-holders had ſomething to do.
Something to do,
Game to ſhew,
And the two Bottle-holders had ſomething to do.

Will Shakeſpear was famous for writing,
And Johnſon gains honour by fighting;
The one is poſſeſſing momentary joy,
But never the fame of the other can die.
Never can die,
Fix'd ſo high,
That never the fame of the other can die.

Tune---Chaſe of Kilruddy.

IN Bedworth and Handſworth, one cauſe to uphold,
'Tis roundly aſſerted that ſome people ſold
Their pots and their kettles, their pigs and their geeſe,
In hopes of their treaſure the Cockneys to fleece;
Bottom to be all acknowledg'd their men,
But Johnſon the champion, ſtiff George, and Big Ben,
Of ſkill ſcientific full proof did impart,
And dodg'd 'em, and teas'd 'em, and conquer'd by art.

Perrins and Jacombs, and Pickard, 'twas ſaid,
Were three choſen heroes, in Warwickſhire bred;
Birmingham's nam'd in the prints of the day,
But all is not true that the Londoners ſay.
Yet ſince 'tis high time that the ſubject was loſt,
Which all converſation for two months engroſs'd,
The public I hope to my wiſh will attend,
And them and their Seconds to Coventry ſend.

The

The Warwickſhire vet'ran whom Johnſon made ſmart,
In action was manly and honeſt at heart;
To many though boxing's become a fine trade,
Manœuvering his ſtudy he never had made;
And had his opponent ſtood up like a man,
Shew'd boldneſs, and fought on the old Engliſh plan,
Twelve minutes would then have decided the fray,
And Perrins in triumph have carried the day.

Let thoſe polite arts who would fain recommend
Their ſons to the two Univerſities ſend;
But what are the pupils taught there, when compar'd
To thoſe which the ſchool of Mendoza hath rear'd!
Five hundred good guineas in one ſingle year,
For a learned Divine is a tight ſum to clear;
But a dexterous Pugiliſt—thing what a gain,
In one ſingle day can a thouſand obtain.

The BIRMINGHAM OVERSEERS.

Tune---How happy a State, &c.

WHILST friendſhip I boaſt of, and truth is my guide;
Of BIRMINGHAM's welfare to ſing is my pride;
Nor is there a town if we ſearch the land o'er,
That pays a more decent regard to the poor.

OVERSEERS the good things of the world love to taſte,
Of the preſent to ſpeak---not forgetting the laſt;
Unanimity through the whole buſineſs appears,
For why---they were all in the cauſe VOLUNTEERS.

Years ago veſtry-meetings unpleaſant were found,
But now the proceedings with pleaſure are crown'd;
Alteration took place in the year eighty-five,
And the ſpirit of office is ſtill kept alive.

Tune

Tune---St. David's Day.

Some years ago, the caſe was ſuch,
And ſuch the ſeeming fear;
The Tradeſmen then was anger'd much,
When choſen OVERSEER.

The Scene is chang'd—no mattter how,
No fear the mind beſets;
And he much favour'd muſt be now,
That into office gets.

So free a ſpirit is gone forth,
I will be bold to ſay;
CERTIFICATES in real worth,
Are ſinking every day.

For Volunteers their zeal to ſhew,
So chearfully advance;
That twice this office to go through,
There is no kind of chance.

And ſocial mirth and harmony,
Have taught us to believe;
The next that wiſh O'erſeers to be,
Muſt handſome premiums give.

Tune---Welcome, welcome, &c.

From the ſumptuous living met with,
From the joys that freely flow;
Think what grief our boſoms beat with,
Out of place when forc'd to go;
Pity any fond connexion,
Should diſtreſs of mind bring on;
When convinc'd on cool reflexion,
That our duty we have done.

Come then every ſocial brother,
Give your drooping ſpirits eaſe;
Laſting friendſhip for each other,
Shall the trouble mind appeaſe;

Hard

Hard as ſome may think our caſe is,
Ere twelve months upon us ſteal,
Thoſe good ſouls who fill our places,
Grief as great as ours may feel.

Tune---'Twas at a place call'd Dover in Kent.

Trace all the the towns the kingdom round,
One, only one ſtands fair to view;
Where ſixty thouſand ſouls are found,
Govern'd by only CONSTABLES two;
Whilſt levies eight,
The work compleat,
Who of the management can complain;
To ſerve the community,
Let love and unity,
Through the whole troubles of office reign.

Fill the balloon bowl to the brim,
Every one his glaſs ſupply;
Hearts that have gain'd our warm eſteem,
Muſt not be paſs'd unnotic'd by;
Good friends to toaſt,
Is freedom's boaſt;
Let tribute of true reſpect be ſhewn,
To MAGISTRATES duly,
Who act, and act truly,
From motives of friendſhip to ſerve the TOWN.

BIRMINGHAM muſt---(whoſe fame ſhall ring)
Second in ſize to LONDON be;
Every month freſh houſes ſpring,
Every year new ſtreets we ſee;
Whilſt health remains,
And plenty reigns,
We'll drink in a bumper of hearty cheer,
"Of friendſhip the lover,
"And all the world over,
"To every worthy OVERSEER."

On

The Extenſion of TRADE.

Tune---Then ſling the flowing Bowl.

YE Britiſh Artiſts ſtill exert your ſkill,
And freſh improvements make,
Nor think that trade or freedom ever will
Their ancient ſeat forſake.
May no deceit
On Commerce wait,
For ſtill my friends
On that depends,
Our greatneſs as a ſtate.

CHORUS.

Then long as winds ſhall blow,
Let no free town,
Be-e'er caſt down,
For this bold truth we know;
All kingdoms priſe,
Our merchandize,
Which round the world ſhall go.

Whatever ſtates abroad to war may go,
Their blood and treaſure ſpend,
Great Britain, who her int'reſt ought to know,
I truſt will neuter-ſtand.
Let friendſhip reign,
The martial ſtrain
Diſturb no more
Fair ALBION's ſhore,
And peace her ſons maintain.
Chorus---Then long as winds, &c.

Let not the means which made Old England great,
Hibernia be deny'd;
I'll glory in the man whoſe plan ſhall get
Both countries ſatisfied;

May

May jealouſies
For ever ceaſe,
From mutual ties
Glad proſpects riſe,
And happineſs increaſe.

CHORUS.

Then long as winds ſhall blow,
Let BRITONS ne'er
Of trade deſpair,
For this bold truth we know;
All kingdoms prize
Our merchandize,
Which round the world ſhall go.

PEG NICHOLSON's KNIGHTS.

Tune---The Grecian Bard.

YE citizens ſo fond and free,
Of loyal ſtrains preparing,
Who are not in the leaſt degree,
Of adulation ſparing;
Come forward ſince the work, you ſee,
Admits no heſitation,
The Prince addreſs, who luckily,
Eſcap'd aſſaſſination.

CHORUS.

But this I'll ſay---by night or day,
No woman in her ſenſes,
Would e'er pretend---to lift her hand,
Againſt the beſt of princes,

The name of MARGARET NICHOLSON
Makes ſome with horror ſtagger!
What miſchief might the jade have done,
Arm'd with a ſoldier's dagger!

For ſhe for man who never car'd,
Her *deſert weapon* pointed,
And ruſh'd before the BODY GUARD!
To ſtrike the Lord's Anointed.

But this obſerve, in France, I truſt,
For ſuch a flagrant act, Sir,
Inſane or not, the culprit muſt,
Have on the wheel been rack'd, Sir;
Inſtead of death on Britain's ſhore,
For zeal ſo freely plighted,
More likely ſhe to cauſe a ſcore
Of tinkers to be knighted.

How each levee is throng'd on this
Miraculous ſalvation!
"Riſe up Sir James, riſe up Sir John,"
Is echo'd through the nation.
By ENGLAND when the VAN is clos'd,
The REAR let SCOTLAND bring up,
Till one poor Bedlamite has caus'd
A race of knights to ſpring up.

The King to croſs his favourite nag,
Whoſe boſom oft is throbbing,
Inſtead of hunting down the ſtag,
Now daily knights is dubbing;
Ye BOROUGH BAILIFFS, whom the crown
Seems honour fond to heap on,
Club pence and buy PEG NICHOLSON,
A feather bed to ſleep on.

May they who madly aim to kill,
Be always diſappointed,
And grant that Providence may ſtill
Preſerve the Lord's Anointed;
May PRIVY COUNCIL fix a day
Of general thankſgiving!
And tell it in America,
That GEORGE the THIRD is living.

Lord SH——D's retreat from COVENTRY.

Tune---There's na good luck for me.

THREE years ago, or thereabout
When warring was my trade,
I felt myself a soldier ſtout
As ever wore cockade;
The bonny bells of TRINITY,
For me did ſweetly ring,
As great as CÆSAR then was I,
And happy as a king.

I ſwell'd with pride, the world defy'd,
At Aldermen I ſpurn'd,
But to my ſorrow, think alas!
How are the tables turn'd;
My blood runs chill---go where I will,
There is no reſt for me;
I wiſh I never had come near
The Blues of Coventry.

The ſixteenth day of April laſt,
I never ſhall forget;
No foreign foe e'er ſtruck a blow,
To give my heart regret;
But when Sir SAMPSON GIDEON came,
A cruel tale to tell,
His weight of metal bore me down,
And rang my doleful knell.

Accurs'd for ever be the day
That brought *Addreſſes* on,
For nought beſides from Coventry,
Could make Lord Sh------d run,
To gain a Seat in Parliament,
I'll make no further ſtrife;
To this dear place I thought till now
I'd wedded been for life.

Much reaſon have I now to ſay,
My pleaſant days are gone;
The bells I fear---I ne'er ſhall hear,
Again ring WHITTINGTON;
Adieu dear CHARLES---farewel friend JOE,
We all have cauſe to frown;
For ſince the CITY firſt I knew,
The world's turn'd upſide down.

I'll take my flight in dead of night,
To me 'twere death to ſtay,
For ere I quit the gates methinks,
I hear the people ſay;
"The HERO's *ſhuffled, ſhuffled off,*
"And ſeem to ſpeak with ſcorn,
"He's fairly gone---gone, gone away!
"And never to return."

The TROUBLES of FRANCE.

Tune---Puſh about the briſk Bowl.

BEHOLD Britain's Monarch---grown fond of the deep,
To and fro on the waves take a dance;
Secure, whilſt his ſubjects are taking a peep,
A peep at the troubles of France.

The Monſieurs are rouz'd---who have long been abus'd,
And liberty-hall is the cry;
Their unſhaken zeal---with their blood will they ſeal,
Determin'd to conquer or die.

Each province around---is fir'd with the ſound!
Scarce her life can the QUEEN call her own;
The TIERS ETAT---give the NOBLES a ſweat,
And the KING a mere cypher is grown.

To

To Lord Maſſarene, how delightful the ſcene,
When the BASTILE ſtrong doors open flew;
For the deep dreary way---where the IRON MASK lay,
No ſoul without horror could view.

How furrow'd with care---in this den of deſpair,
Muſt the brow of the wearer have been;
But chang'd is the day---for I'll venture to ſay,
The like again ne'er will be ſeen.

Other ſtates ſoon will aim—to play the ſame game,
Which FRANCE in AMERICA learn'd;
The TRIPLE CROWN ſhakes---and the Emperor quakes,
To ſee how the tables are turn'd.

Boldly at it they ſet---and the National debt,
Diminiſh'd will ſpeedily be;
Much the CHURCH has to fear, for the clergy they ſwear,
The ſtate of that burthen ſhall free.

The cauſe to uphold---how free and how bold,
Aſſembled the artiſans Wives;
Their jewels they gave---and their country to ſave,
Are ready to hazard their lives.

May PITT from abroad---learn of taxing the mode,
And ſhould future plans be deviſ'd;
When he craves further aid---tell him boldly that Trade,
Already too much is excis'd.

Peace and friendſhip's my wiſh, and may they their deſerts
Always meet, who intrude on the ground;
And BRITAIN for ever in arms and in arts,
Of all ſtates the foremoſt be found.

The Rights of MANKIND all the World over.

Tune---Old Homer, but what, &c.

TO mortals who genuine liberty prize,
And extenſion diſdain on the laws of exciſe;
How glorious to ſee can the heart wiſh for more,
The RIGHTS OF MANKIND ſpreading all the world o'er.

The blaze in AMERICA firſt that begun,
O'er EUROPE is rapidly taking a run;
And FRANCE wrongs to cruſh in one year has done more,
Than a century ever accompliſh'd before.

REVOLUTIONS in STATES ſet the world on a roar,
The flame on the Continent ſpreads more and more;
MADRID is alarm'd, and much ſtartled is ROME!
For the people when rouz'd, will be ſure to ſtrike home.

I'll venture to ſay, tho' I tumults deſpiſe,
Freſh troubles in Germany ſtill will ariſe;
For PRUSSIA 'tis clear has his Eagle wings ſhook,
And angry and fierce at the DANE gives a look.

Mankind every day are enquiring for news,
And if JOSEPH's ſucceſſor the war ſtill purſues,
Let me aſk whilſt his vict'ries the Auſtrians chant,
Tho' they've taken BELGRADE what's become of BRABANT?

To the heart not a conqueſt more pleaſure beſpeaks,
Than that which the fetters of tyranny breaks;
May life's nobleſt nerves in the cauſe ſtill be ſtrain'd,
And the RIGHTS OF MANKIND be for ever maintain'd.

Commercial concerns in all kingdoms we know,
Like the tide of the ocean will ebb and will flow,
But STATE-CRAFT and PRIEST-CRAFT if people are wiſe,
When brought to a level will never more riſe.

Aboliſh'd be every deſpotic decree,
May the TURK live in peace and the NEGRO be free;
And BRITONS be all of one heart and one mind,
In promoting the GENERAL GOOD OF MANKIND.

The

The CONTRAST.

THE King in the hearts of his ſubjects that reigns,
All that reaſon can aſk, if he's healthy obtains;
And pleaſing to many it ſurely muſt be,
'Twixt FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN the contraſt to ſee.

Whilſt GEORGE is enjoying ſalubrious gales,
Take of PARIS a view, or look into VERSAILLES;
The Crown has been tott'ring on LOUIS's head,
And much from the conflict the QUEEN has to dread.

Britiſh laws to adopt, ſuch a fondneſs was ſhewn,
That ſoon as the walls of the BASTILE were down;
To a man they rejoic'd at ſo glorious a fall,
And ſwore through the land they'd have LIBERTY HALL.

That ENGLAND was ripe, when a rumour was ſpread,
To play the ſame game as with us once they play'd;
DORSET boldly ſtept forth---he had no time to waſte,
On his Country diſdaining a ſlur ſhould be caſt.

'Twere wrong to ſuppoſe---tho' with fear they might quake,
Such a paltry advantage that BRITAIN would take,
JOHN BULL at ill treatment is given to frown,
But ſtriking he ſcorns! when the enemy's down.

When the ſtorm is blown over, where much they've been toſt,
Whatever great Liberties Frenchmen may boaſt;
On Engliſhmens' breaſts, be this MOTTO diſplay'd,
" Of peace ever fond---but to fight ne'er afraid."

The WIMBLEDON CURL.

Tune—Time enough yet.

TO Wimbledon Bloods of high ſtile may away,
There ſhoot at each other, and call it ball play;
My diſtance I'll keep, not a hair on my head,
I wiſh to have ſing'd with a Bullet of lead.

To

To aim at Blood-royal when Lenox drew near,
So cloſe went the ball to tip of his ear;
When whizzing they tell us it made his hair curl,
And this has been chriſten'd the Wimbledon Curl.

Give me when for fighting my mind I declare,
The man that his Piſtol will fire in the air,
For much I'm amaz'd any Prince, Duke, or Earl,
A fondneſs ſhould have for a Wimbledon Curl.

By thoſe who from duelling can't be debarr'd,
I'd rather for peace, I've ſo great a regard,
A coward be counted, or reckon'd a churl,
Then hazard my life for a Wimbledon Curl.

My piſtol I'll cock taper made, white and clean,
Full charg'd, and well lighted, where plenty is ſeen;
Blue curls then in clouds round the room are diffus'd,
And riſe from the tube where no gun powder's us'd.

Then give me a Broſely when time's not controul'd,
Which more than nine corns of cannifter will hold;
As a toaſt comes of courſe, for our pipes we muſt wet,
"May he who loves fighting his belly full get."

Ye Bloods whom your country can very well ſpare,
Take part with the Swedes and for action prepare;
Learn patience but not from his HIGHNESS or SWIFT,
And never want courage when put to the ſhift.

With ſpirit away at the word of command,
And ſhould cloſe before you, your enemy ſtand,
In the field whilſt you've breath never *ſulky* remain,
But always when fir'd at---fire at him again.

BLOOD-ROYAL.

Tune---Cæſar and Pompey, &c.

A Toaſt if I offer, pray do not be cruel,
I never with piſtols wiſh'd fighting a duel;
With weapons of ſteel---over ducks, geeſe and turkies,
Engage if I muſt, much the pleaſenteſt work is;
No ſoul for free ſpeaking would wiſh to confine me,
And thouſands I know will in ſentiment join me.

The blood which ſome boaſt of, from this or that quarter,
A Knight of the Thiſtle, or Knight of the Garter,
Was ne'er any better, or is at time preſent,
Than what freely flows in the veins of a PEASANT;
'Twixt that of a MONARCH, and that of a BEGGAR,
When ſhed to diſtinguiſh a DOCTOR 'twould ſtagger.

When LENOX's courage was put to the trial,
He level'd his piſtol, and ſhot at Blood-royal;
And ſanguine the world would have thought his deſire,
A BISHOP and DUKE had he kill'd at one fire;
I mean not to queſtion his HIGHNESS's ſpirit,
But why not a LENOX as good blood inherit.

'Tis not at all times that birds meet of a feather,
The high and the low will by chance mix together;
Nell GWYNN who cry'd oyſters---and often apply'd to,
The blood of a STUART was cloſely ally'd to;
Nay ENGLAND's firſt KING who was famous in action,
If hiſt'ry ſpeaks truth was of ſpurious extraction.

Whatever their birth, or whate'er their employment,
The lovers of friendſhip, and ſocial enjoyment,
Who order and decency pay due reſpect to,
To what I here offer will never object to,
"May the heart that is honeſt live always in clover,"
"And freedom of ſentiment ſpread the world over."

The

The CHANGES of FASHION.

Tune---To get a ſnug Penny, &c.

THE world---and what creature knows when it will ſtop,
Revolves on its axis, and ſpins like a top;
And whilſt it keeps whirling, mankind are at ſtrife,
To make the beſt way thro' the buſtle of life.

To thoſe in high ſtile it may ſeem nothing ſtrange,
In dreſs to diſcover how faſhions will change;
But fancy, ſole arbitreſs over the mind,
Freſh walks ever makes it her ſtudy to find.

Here and there one excepted---'twill not be deny'd,
So chang'd is the mode, the COCK'D HAT's thrown aſide;
And ROUND HEADS, and SOUND HEADS---in ſhort ev'ry where,
Both aged and young in round beavers appear.

For new fangled maxims we ſtrain ev'ry nerve,
The TOUCH-STONE is int'reſt---but this you'll obſerve,
It much cannot matter, where friendſhip is found,
What covers the HEAD, if the inſide is ſound.

In various colours mankind themſelves ſhew,
Some ſwagger in SCARLET, and ſome in TRUE-BLUE;
The ORANGE, which once had a fav'rite run,
Now ſcarcely is ſeen, for the PLAID is the TON.

Ye fine footed foplings, who nowsky court,
Conſider the artiſt, and genius ſuppport;
The HEAD, as you pleaſe, let the ribbon adorn,
But ſtill on the FOOT let the BUCKLE be worn.

But how in the ears of the Fair muſt it grate,
For OLD FASHION'D FELLOWS of faſhion to prate;
Some doubtleſs through taſte into errors may fall,
And many there are who have no taſte at all.

To DRESS and to AD-DRESS with freedom and eaſe,
At all times is what will good company pleaſe;

Give

Give FANCY her ſcope who can FASHION command,
And beſt ſupport that which ſupports beſt the LAND.

Then off with a bumper---good cheer never ſpare,
" To all WORTHY SOULS, not forgetting the FAIR,
" Succeſs to the ARTS---and again, and again,
" Good ORDERS to thoſe who good ORDER maintain."

AMOR ET CONCORDIA, An occaſional SONG,

Set to Muſic, and Sung by J. PROBEN, at the Annual Meeting of the Military Aſſociation, at the Hotel, in Manchester.

SINCE now no more to diſtant Lands,
BRITANNIA wafts her hoſtile bands,
Let party zeal be done away,
Forgot the FOLLIES of the DAY,
And every thought and wiſh ſincere,
To hail with joy the riſing Year.

Be Amor et Concordia.

The STATE we ever will to aid,
But as our grand reſource is Trade,
The TAX that root and branch deſtroys,
There's not a ſoul but muſt deſpiſe;
Then ſound the word, REPEAL, REPEAL!
Until again the common weal,
Find Amor et Concordia.

Fond hope imparts a pleaſing ray,
Let murmurs ceaſe---the heart be gay;
When ſeated at the feſtive board,
Be this the toaſt in one accord---
May all that's kind on Commerce wait,
The Land be bleſt, and in the State,
Reign Amor et Concordia.

The

The martial ſtrain tho' heard no more,
On Britain's too much injur'd ſhore,
With thoſe whoſe hearts are bold and free,
ASSOCIATE ſtill the plan ſhall be:
In ſentiment may all concur,
And evermore at MANCHESTER,
Reign Amor et Concordia.

On a famous Lincolnſhire Horſe called RODNEY.

[WRITTEN BY DESIRE]

Tune of---Black Sloven.

AMONGST the brute beings the world doth produce,
Created no doubt for Man's general uſe;
Whatever we famous or noble may call,
A beautiful HORSE is the nobleſt of all.

Too oft 'tis the caſe when his beſt days are o'er,
Neglected the high-mettled ſteed becomes poor;
And gelding or ſtallion---this truth, the world knows,
The greater a ſlave is the older he grows.

Bold RODNEY to ſing of the taſk ſhall be mine,
His quarters how handſome, his forehead how fine,
He's healthy, he's ſound, not a blemiſh you'll ſee,
And ſtrong in the ſinews as horſe need to be.

Many plates has he won, and on fair Britiſh ground,
For trotting his equal is ſcarce to be found;
Ye ſons of the turf ſprightly hunters who love,
Now, now is the ſeaſon your breed to improve.

His colour ſo pleaſing, ſo tight and ſo clean,
In Yorkſhire a finer is not to be ſeen;
O'KELLY if living, with pleaſing ſurprize!
On this matchleſs ſteed would have feaſted his eyes.

With

/ith noble deportment and ſwiftneſs profound,
:e how the bold Rockingham ſweeps o'er the ground!
e was fondly careſt, and 'tis odds that you find,
e'll leave at Newmarket, Dungannon behind.

f fame MASK and CHILDERS have each had his ſhare,
nd none in his day with ECLIPSE could compare;
he PRINCE's ESCAPE ſome a favourite call,
)r his HIGHNESS has now got the WHIP of them all.

he faireſt will fade, and the ſtouteſt muſt fall,
'other day to the dogs fate conſign'd MORWICK BALL;
is ſcope was uncommon, extenſive his ſway,
ut farewell to him ev'ry nag has his day.

muſt be allow'd that the turf and the field,
he nobleſt of pleaſures to Engliſhmen yield;
nd take it for granted---as true Britiſh game,
ie blood of a RODNEY will always have fame.

---

n the PETITIONS for the ABOLITION of the SLAVE TRADE.

Tune---Religion's a Politic Law.

IT muſt be allow'd there are ſlaves,
On ev'ry valuable ſoil,
Who till they are laid in their graves,
Have but little reſpite from toil;
But now ABOLITION's the ſound,
The ſound which to gladneſs gives birth,
And think how the dance will go round,
When SLAVERY's baniſh'd the earth.

The Negro 'gainſt Negro who fights,
If conquer'd is barter'd for gain;
And tell me---pray would not the Whites
Much rather be ſold than be ſlain?

Of barbarous uſage, whate'er
May be the complaints in the WEST,
From horrid tranſactions 'tis clear,
There wants a reform in the EAST!

That "Britons ſhall never be ſlaves,"
In Britain is frequently ſung,
And many times heard on the waves,
When FIRST RATES are rolling along;
But what greater ſlaves can there be
Than thoſe hardy lads of the main,
Who when juſt return'd from the ſea,
Are dragg'd into ſervice again.

How happy is each Bailiff Brother,
To glide in the popular ſtream;
Bodies corporate follow each other,
Like horſes when link'd in a team;
To work many haſtily go,
Their names upon parchment are ſhewn,
And often about what they know,
Juſt as much as the man in the moon.

Petitions, with plauſible airs,
Are frequently handed about;
And oft upon trivial affairs,
JOHN BULL makes a terrible rout;
At random tho' thouſands may run,
To thought giving little digeſtion;
Humanity let us not ſhun,
Nor Commerce leave out of the queſtion.

In Europe this much may be ſaid,
So great a temptation has gold,
For ſlaughter at ſo much per head,
Have Germans by thouſands been ſold!
Too oft their ambition to ſhew,
Crown heads ſet their minions to work,
And Joſeph the Emperor's view,
A ſlave was to make of the Turk.

But

But ſo it to numbers appears,
If Commerce we aim to reſtrain,
Britannia but very few years,
The Empreſs will be of the main;
To leſſen let's make it our care,
The burthens upon our own backs,
For Britons too many there are,
More mis'rable ſouls than the BLACKS.

The TEST.

Tune---Ye Citizens ſo fond and free.

THO' fond variety to taſte,
With men of every ſtation;
The TEST has been for three months paſt,
The general converſation;
And tho' it may ſome future day,
By thouſands be conteſted,
By millions ſtrong there's no repeal,
Will ever be digeſted.

CHORUS.

And this is truth I will maintain,
Throughout the *Britiſh* land, Sir;
That long as GEORGE the THIRD ſhall reign,
The Teſt Acts good ſhall ſtand, Sir.

The COMMONS had the Bill gone through
Or with it had they trifled,
The LORDS---its godfathers well knew,
The BRAT would ſoon have ſtifled;
Great Britain's bold HIGH CHANCELLOR,
Front pillar of the Nation;
Would certainly have damn'd it for,
A dangerous innovation,

Chorus.

With pleaſure many did reſort,
To hear the point contended,
Was HASTING's trial cut as ſhort,
But few would be offended;
REPEAL the favourite word has been,
And many fondly ſhout it;
But PATRIOTS when in office ſeen,
Wiſh not a word about it.

Chorus.

Let men of ſkill diſplay their might,
To gain their ardent wiſhes,
And whilſt they wrangle, rant, and fight,
To ſhare the loaves and fiſhes;
By truth's bright ſtandard may we ſee,
The wheels of ſtate directed,
And freedom, life, and property,
For ever be protected.

Chorus.

In what concerns our many laws,
Tho' intereſt will divide us,
On ev'ry warm important cauſe,
May ſterling reaſon guide us;
The CHURCH is ſafe---fears fly the land,
The mighty buſtle's o'er, Sir!
Hopes vaniſh, and DISSENTERS ſtand,
Juſt as they ſtood before, Sir.

Chorus.

The SAILORS' ROUZE.

Tune---Come ye Lads who wiſh to ſhine.

HEARTS of Oak, with vigour rouze!
Danger never fearing;
Now your country's cauſe eſpouſe,
And drub the foe that's daring.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

" Soon the haughty Dons ſhall ſmart;
" Soon we'll ſhare their treaſure,
" Always to a Sailor's heart
" A Spaniſh war gives pleaſure."

Boys, the happy moments watch,
Let 'em know their maſters;
From the Indies ſhip-loads fetch,
Of *dollars* and *piaſtres*.

Chorus.

If with us the Chiefs of Spain
Wiſh to be at variance;
With the foremoſt of the train,
We'll match an Engliſh CLARENCE.

Chorus.

Neptune viewing *Royal Game*,
Panting after glory,
Cries---My ſon, away to fame,
And rival ancient ſtory.

Chorus.

Britain ſmiling ſeems to ſay,
" What is e'er expended,
" *Coſt* and *ſuit* the *Dons* ſhall pay,
" Before the cauſe is ended."

Chorus.

Unanimity's the toaſt
(Courting no alliance)
That preſerv'd---the Britiſh coaſt
May bid the world defiance.

CHORUS.

" O'er the Spaniſh main to ride,
" Not a ſoul will grumble;
" Tell the haughty *Dons*, their pride
" And inſolence we'll humble."

RATIONALITY.

Tune---Newton talk'd of Lights and Shades.

THE man that wears an honeſt heart,
Is pleaſant free and chearful,
And frankly does his mind impart,
Of what ſhou'd he be fearful?
It matters not---a jot by what
Diſtinction people call men,
They beſt with me---are ſure t'agree,
Who've charity for all men.

Since candour, love, and charity,
The chriſtian doctrine teaches,
When friendly met to angry be,
Of common ſenſe a breach is;
Much better far than ſnarl and fight,
At trifles to be winking;
And every man enjoy his right,
His natural right of thinking.

Strong prejudices will be found
From early education,
And ſome are apt to go beyond
The bounds of moderation;
Through life too much---the caſe is ſuch,
One ſect another ſect hates,
For zealots will---be zealots ſtill,
In ſpite of reaſon's dictates.

From modes of faith the man alone,
His neighbour who deſpiſes,
And malice tho' no cauſe is ſhewn,
Within his boſom riſes;
I pity his miſtaken ways,
But this I will inſiſt on,
Let people call him what they pleaſe,
He cannot be a Chriſtian.

From harſh diſputes to converts make
But very rare the caſe is,
And puniſhment for conſcience ſake
The human mind debaſes;
We'll prate, debate, and ſpeculate,
But madneſs call that notion,
With thoſe who cannot think alike,
To aim at perſecution.

Amongſt the various ſectaries
In every age abounding,
Who ſcripture phraſes different ways
Are conſtantly expounding;
Some good and kind---you'll always find—
Their foibles many gloſſing,
And ſome there are, who to themſelves
Would Heaven be engroſſing.

The cares of life will now and then
The beſt of tempers ſour,
And ſince perfection's height to gain
Is not in human power,
Dull time to kill---be where I will,
Whilſt drinking is in faſhion,
My toaſt ſhall be---"all honeſt men
"Of every perſuaſion."

The COACH DRIVERS: Or, BILLY's not too YOUNG.

Tune---The duſky Night.

THE good old coach BRITANNIA ſtill,
Jogs merrily along,
And manag'd well will always fill,
Tho' BILLY is *but Young*.

Right

Right heart of Oak's the axle-tree,
And what much makes it fam'd,
The BASKET and the BOOT we ſee
With precious budgets cram'd.

In ſixteen hundred eighty-eight,
Ere gamblers dealt in ſtocks;
The COACH broke down---the DRIVER dropt.
Dead weight from off the BOX.

A DUTCHMAN lent a lifting hand,
The wheels again went round,
And have not Dutchmen from this land,
The like aſſiſtance found.

The ſecond GEORGE his ſteeds to drive,
Much us'd the PELHAM bitt;
But paſſengers in general prize,
No name like that of PITT.

Lord NORTH who too far weſtward ran,
In miſt and mire long beat,
A WHEEL dropt off and he was then,
Oblig'd to quit his ſeat.

Old CHATHAM's fame in high degree,
On record long ſhall ſtand,
A COACHMAN good and true was he,
As e'er took whip in hand.

The arduous taſk his ſon befel,
A YOUTH who like a SAGE,
Holds tight the reins---and drives as well,
As thoſe of twice his age.

Three years ago when burthens cloy'd,
Through Britain all the Song,
(With judgment nice the reins to guide)
"Was Billy's quite too young."

For when on trade he laid his ſtrokes,
The land with clamour rung!
And wealthy CITS with angry looks,
Cry'd BILLY's quite too young.

'Tis

'Tis clear from laſt St. STEPHEN's wake,
In ſpite of all the din,
GEORGE will not with his COACHMAN part
Nor change his WHIPPER-IN.

For wear and tear tho' dear we pay,
The SPRINGS continue ſtrong,
And now to drive us thouſands ſay
That BILLY's not too young.

Drive on *Old Boy* thy ſkill is known,
Still whirl the WHEELS along,
Till OPPOSITION fairly own,
That BILLY's not too young.

On the Rumour of a French War in 1787.

Tune---When firſt to Cambridge we do come.

AT once to realiſe eſtates,
A trading war there's nothing beats;
Contractors, who ſtate game purſue,
And Nabobs find it ſtrictly true.

Tho' hateful burthens wars create,
To arms when drums began to beat,
Old England would have felt a pride,
In having Cherburg's walls deſtroy'd.

Falſe ſteps when Gallia's ſons had ta'en,
The *Britiſh Lion* ſhook his mane;
To come to blows he wanted much,
But France the GAUNTLET would not touch.

Whilſt harmony the land ſhall ſway,
Our foes I will be bold to ſay,
Will always meet their due deſerts,
For Britiſh boys have manly hearts.

Than

Than broils domeſtic ſhould enſue,
I'd rather let which e'er may rue,
The Turks and Ruſſians blood wou'd ſhed,
Until they've dy'd the BLACK SEA RED.

Our empire ſtill upon the main,
We muſt, we can, and will maintain;
For much depends, when glory calls,
On England's matchleſs WOODEN WALLS.

When all at home united are,
From foreign ſtates what can we fear?
And when with us they diſagree,
We'll tell 'em how THINGS are to be.

The DUTCH are dup'd and well may frown,
And FRANCE was never more let down!
The world at theſe events may ſtare!
But true it is that SUCH THINGS ARE.

A MOCK CANTATA.

IN merry Old England there once was a time,
When freedom was cherish'd—Taxation a crime,
And lovers of mirth did in harmony chime,
And ſung---O the roaſt beef of Old England,
O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

No methods were us'd, nuptial bands to enforce,
They took one another for better or worſe,
And ſcarce in an age heard of any divorce,
But ſung---O the roaſt beef, &c.

But times are ſo chang'd, that to ſerve private ends,
By engroſſing of farms, and encloſing of lands,
Not a poor man in ten, once a month can make friends,
To taſte the roaſt beef of Old England,
To taſte the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

Every

Every year upon commerce freſh burthens are laid,
Not a ſoul can eſcape, that poſſeſſes a head;
They tax us through life, and they tax us when dead.
Can it go well with Old England,
When trade is for ever oppreſs'd.

Tune---The Lowland Lads.

Things have ſtrangely veer'd about,
Some to power ſoon are lifted;
One week in, the next week out,
And thus the ſcene of life is ſhifted.

CHORUS.

Was ever kingdom ſo derided,
Were ever people more divided;
Plaguy taxes never ceaſing,
Poor's rates ev'ry year increaſing.

Mad ambition ſways the ſtate,
Diſcord is the rock we ſplit on;
And our Iſland, once ſo GREAT,
Is dwindling into LITTLE BRITAIN.

Chorus---Was ever, &c.

The FREE and EASY ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Tune---Go patter to Lubbers.

A Traveller full forty years I have been,
But never tript over to France,
All cities and moſt market towns have been in,
'Twixt Berwick-on-Tweed and Penzance;
My own native Country with pleaſure I range,
All ſeaſons and times of the year;
In faſhion ſtill find a continual change,
Something novel will always appear;
The world tho' 'tis round, as about it we go;
Strange ways, turns and croſſes we ſee;
But the favourite road which I wiſh to purſue,
Is through life to go EASY and FREE.

The

The TRAVELLER braving a bleak wint'ry day,
To what place he ſoe'er may reſort,
When reaching his INN is as chearful and gay,
As the SAILOR that gets into PORT;
Well ſeated and ſerv'd, his refreſhment how ſweet,
What comfort it gives to the heart,
And when a few friends unexpectedly meet,
How fond each his tale to impart;
For know this idea which none can deteſt,
Has long been implanted in me,
That whatever maxims are follow'd, the beſt,
Is through Life to go EASY and FREE.

If fraught with good humour, I care not how much,
In ſentiment people divide;
In opinion for differing my temper is ſuch,
I ſcorn any foul to deride;
Tho' the dictates of reaſon flow pointed and ſtrong,
Such prejudice hangs on the mind;
From debates howe'er pertinent, nervous, or long,
You ſeldom a convert will find:
Then give me the man wher'ſoever I call,
That always will ſociable be;
If we can't think alike---ſtill the beauty of all,
Is through Life to go EASY and FREE.

As ſons of the WHIP muſt to buſineſs attend,
I always make much of the day;
At night with my bottle, my pipe, and my friend,
The moments glide ſmoothly away;
All TRAVELLERS truly it muſt be confeſt,
Good orders are glad to receive;
Diſappointments in trade never rob me of reſt,
For madneſs I deem it to grieve;
Then my WORTHIES the toaſt which to give I'm inclin'd,
I truſt with all minds will agree;
"Wiſhing every free hearted friend to mankind,
"Thorough Life may go EASY and FREE."

FINIS.

COMBINATION DEFEATED.

Tune.—Come haſte to the Wedding.

COME haſte to the Chairing, our Hearts are delighted,
The Day is *our own*, a fair Conqueſt is gain'd:
Had THOMPSON not come, we ſhould never been righted,
And in our own Country muſt Slaves have remain'd.

CHORUS.

Then let us be joyous,
For what can annoy us,
The Day is our own, and our hearts we'll regale
Come ſee,
True Engliſh Liberty,
Gladneſs abounding all over the Vale.

To free hearted Britons how pleaſing the tale is,
We've conquer'd, and great the exertions have been;
For e'er ſince the *flight of the good Doctor Baylis*,
Of Freedom not here has the *Shadow* been ſeen.
CHORUS.---Then let us, &c.

The Banks of the *Avon* ſweet Echo reſounding,
Make THOMPSON's fond name through the Orchards to ring;
The Gard'ners and Bargemen their *Favourite* ſurrounding
Parade full of Vigour, and chearfully ſing.
CHORUS.---Then let us, &c.

O'erthrown are the ſchemes of the grand *Combination*,
In duty true Engliſhmen ſcorn to relax;
The victory's gain'd, and the whole Corporation,
Are fairly and decently laid on their Backs.
CHORUS.---Then let us, &c.

To *Thompſon and Phillips* my Worthies your Bumpers,
Diſcharge, for procuring us glorious ſport;
And all thoſe brave Souls who ſo *freely gave Plumpers*,
So good and ſo *noble* a cauſe to ſupport.
CHORUS.---Then let us, &c.

FREEDOM TRIUMPHANT.

Tune---Rule, Britannia.

ON E'ſham's fair and fertile Ground,
A noble Conqueſt to obtain;
This was the Language that went round,
And Sons of Freedom ſung this Strain.

CHORUS.

Stand to your Colours---
Your Colours, firm and free,
And Liberty regain'd ſhall be.

Her ſteady Souls went Hand in Hand,
The JUNCTION met its juſt Deſerts;
Honour and Glory fire the Land,
For THOMPSON's Friends have manly hearts.
CHORUS---Stand to your Colours, &c

The Ruſtics raiſe their Voices high,
And thund'ring Plaudits rend the Air;
Fondly each Boſom beats with Joy,
To ſee their Favourite in the Chair.
CHORUS.---Stand to your Colours, &c.

Poſterity, in genuine Glee,
Shall gladly ſwell the annual Strain;
Hearts that are honeſt, bold, and free,
For ever will their Rights maintain.

CHORUS.

Stand by each other ---
Each other, firm and free,
And Liberty regain'd ſhall be.

The

The GOLDEN DAYS of GEORGE the THIRD.

Tune---Ally Croaker.

WHILST changes the World is continually ringing,
And many in praiſe of old Cuſtoms are ſinging;
Whatever paſt times might afford that was pleaſant,
For LIVING no Age ever out-topt the preſent.

CHORUS.

Merry Sons of Freedom hand about the PITCHER,
The STATE may be poor, but the LAND was never richer.

Some talk of QUEEN BESS, but they much miſs the matter,
I mean of Golden Days when our fancies they flatter;
The Times are much alter'd, if not greatly mended,
For GOLD flows as current as SIX-PENCES then did.
CHORUS.---Merry Sons, &c.

The Spoils of the Eaſt (tho' I deem it intruſion)
Has caus'd in this Country of wealth a profuſion;
But why at the Influx ſhould any one wonder!
For CHRISTIANS go thither the PAGANS to plunder.
CHORUS.---Merry Sons, &c.

No State upon Earth whether riſing or ſinking,
OLD ENGLAND can beat for good eating and drinking;
But drinking to ſee in the higheſt perfection,
There's nothing comes up to a GENERAL ELECTION.
CHORUS.---Merry Sons, &c.

ARREARS to diſcharge, tho' the LAND 'twill coſt many pence,
Whate'er may be ſaid of the PRINCE's extravagance;
The KING I could wiſh to have ample proviſion,
And able at all times to pay his own PHYSICIAN.
CHORUS.---Merry Sons, &c.

If

If the DONS war purſue, they ſhall ſoon feel our power,
We'll ranſack their MINES, lodge their gold in the TOWE
No coſt ſhall be ſpar'd, nor will courage be wanted,
Till PEACE on the terms we demand ſhall be granted.

CHORUS.

Merry Sons of Freedom hand about the PITCHER,
The STATE may be poor, but the LAND was never richer

WAR and no WAR.

Tune.—That Miracles never will ceaſe.

WHAT means all this rub-a-dub rattle,
The Muſic of every Street,
As tho' at the eve of a Battle,
The DONS on the Ocean to meet;
The CAPTAIN, the SERJEANT, and DRUM,
A temp'rary buſtle well ſuits,
And when they to BIRMINGHAM come,
They always are ſure of Recruits.

FRANCE cannot for War be inclin'd,
And puzzled is SPAIN what to do;
Suſpenſe hangs on every mind,
And Meſſengers dance to and fro;
Whate'er at MADRID may take place,
I ſafely may venture to ſay,
The State 'twill bring into diſgrace,
If ENGLAND the piper muſt pay.

Speculators who viſit Change Alley,
But little know what they are doing;
The Bulls and the Bears make a rally,
And Stocks much are ebbing and flowing;
The Printers keep daſhing away,
For News-hunters matter to mix,
And what is inſerted one Day,
The very next Poſt contradicts.

Whatever the iſſue may be,
I will not pretend to foretel,
But all in this point muſt agree,
Our Taxes 'tis certain to ſwell;
And Britons will feel themſelves ſore,
A couple of millions to pay,
When perhaps we ſhall have little more,
Than a naval parade at TORBAY.

From DUBLIN came PATRICK MACNEALE,
To learn what he could 'bout the War;
He return'd with a wonderful Tale,
And thus his own Mind did declare;
"In ENGLAND I've seen my dear honey,
"What IRELAND would never suppose,
"Enlisting without any Money,
"And fighting without any Blows."

Time has been when an insult from Spain,
Requir'd for the Service no pressing;
And Sailors return'd from the Main,
Both glory and treasure possessing;
But now at the sound of the Drum,
JOHN BULL—grown too civil by half,
Says the old ENGLISH LION's become,
As tame as a young ESSEX CALF.

False rumours will daily abound,
And many the truth wish to Smother,
Disputing about Nootka Sound,
Is neither one thing nor the other;
Delays are injurious to Trade,
'Twas always the rule of OLD CHATHAM;
Evasions whenever they made,
At once to set BODILY at 'em.

The GRAND EXPEDITION.

IN pleasure's round—'twas always found
That men had different views;
But Life to see—in special glee,
There's nothing like a cruize.
And a cruizing we will go.
It pleases much where'er we steer
Good Company to see,
And watering places every year,
Are full as full can be.
Chorus.—And a cruizing, &c.

To

To CHELT'NHAM many fondly go,
To BUXTON ſome away;
But if the Waters I muſt view,
Give me a trip to Sea.
Chorus—And a cruiſing, &c.

Lord HOWE manœuv'ring underſtands,
And BARRINGTON will fight;
I wiſh when clear from Rocks and Sands,
The Foe may be in ſight.
Chorus.—And a cruiſing, &c.

The TARS who wiſh, if fight they muſt,
To burn, or ſink, or take;
Would rather ſink themſelves than have
Another KEPPEL's wake.
Chorus.—And a cruiſing, &c.

A mighty Fleet great feats to do,
Regardleſs of miſhaps,
Went once, and from the ISLE of AIX,
Brought home a bunch of Grapes.
Chorus—And a cruiſing, &c.

Tho' Spaniards keeping out of ſight,
Our Ships with ſwelling Sails,
'Twere better to bring home than fight,
The Equinoctial Gales.
Chorus.—And a cruiſing, &c.

When BISCUIT, BEEF, and GROG is gone,
We make a quick retreat;
And 'tis enough—tho' nothing's done,
To ſay we've not been beat.
Chorus.—And a cruiſing, &c.

And thus our Ships to exerciſe,
We plow the ſtormy Main;
Carouze three weeks like Jolly Boys,
And then ſail back again.
And a cruiſing we will go.

The SPANISH CONVENTION.

FOR more than ſix Months with anxiety keen,
On tiptoes for news many hundreds had been;
The rumour was great—every ear catch'd the ſound,
And Drums beat to Arms the whole Kingdom around.

The alarm to increaſe, ev'ry effort was us'd,
The Soldiers look'd fierce, and the Sailors were rouz'd?
The Sword was unſheath'd, on the Coaſt what a rout,
Our Ships were well mann'd, and our Firſt-rates went out.

With the gallant LORD HOWE at the head of the Fleet,
(And who dare to ſay that he ever was beat)
The Ocean was brav'd—and he play'd a ſafe game,
Return'd unmoleſted—the Dons did the ſame.

But tho' many Captains, and Agents can't mention,
Without much diſpleaſure this SPANISH CONVENTION;
Well play'd, the Farce anſwers the Miniſter's ends,
Promotions make always additional Friends.

For Cumberland's Duke, ſince the Mourning is o'er,
For Loſſes of more modern date to deplore,
Get muffled the Drum, for recruiting grows ſlack,
And Scarlet muſt be metamorphos'd to black.

Whatever in favour of peace may be ſaid,
From the vaſt preparations ſo ſuddenly made;
JOHN BULL in loud accent cries, "fight or fight not,
"I can't ſleep in quiet till Spain pays the ſhot."

The bone of Contention is call'd NOOTKA SOUND,
Where OTTERS and other ſtrange Creatures abound;
Tho' Millions are laviſh'd—a fig for th' expence,
Leave the FUR-TRADE to pay it—ſome hundred years hence.

From trifles great matters will frequently riſe,
What more than a Bubble has been all this noiſe!
Yet beſt 'twere the evil to nip in the bud,
For never did War do the Land any good.

From a general diſcharge many evils to ſhun,
Which want of employment of courſe will bring on;
On Board take the ſtouteſt, the Decks let 'em ſwab,
And ſend a few thouſands to cruſh TIPPOO SAIB.

The

The TAX-TRADE MINISTER.

Tune—The Hounds are all out.

THE Parliament meets, and a buſtle is made,
But clearly too clearly we ſee;
Reſpecting the burthens which bear upon Trade,
Too pliant the Houſe ſeems to be.

One would think out of breath, OPPOSITION was run
Their minds when they came to expreſs;
Tho' large was the Field, when the ſubject came on,
No patriots ever ſaid leſs.

I truſt, let who will the IMPEACHMENT defend,
Proceedings ſo much ſeem to cloy;
The trial of HASTINGS will ſoon have an end,
And BURKE a ſnug place will enjoy.

'Tis clear to each ſoul for his country who feels,
Let time e'er ſo nicely be ſcan'd;
BRITANNIA's STATE DIAL has WHEELS within WHEELS,
Whoſe movements but few underſtand.

With *temp'rary* taxes to ſoften our fears,
Four years are held out as a bait,
But I think he who lives till that period appears,
Will find it a *permament* cheat.

Tune.—Duralia, or Female Volunteers.

Enormous Bills to get defray'd,
Of courſe when taxes muſt be had,
On Commerce to extend each wound,
There never was his equal found;
Tho' many praiſe him to the ſkies,
The foes to all ſevere Exciſe,
Have dub'd him (tho' the beſt may err)
The conſtant TAX-TRADE MINISTER.

Amongſt his many curious Jokes,
When dealing out his Budget ſtrokes,
He levels at each galing ſore,
And on the MALT claps three-pence more;

And tho' he in his airy flights,
Says ſoon he'll ſet us all to rights;
'Tis ten to one in four years hence,
Another Rumpus will commence.

Advantage of JOHN BULL to take,
When baited at St. STEPHEN's wake,
His matchleſs talents to diſplay,
Whilſt millions laviſh'd are away;
As artful as a GERMAN JEW,
He pays off one, and borrows two,
And tells us by this ſtate fineſſe,
The public debt is getting leſs.

In quarrels formerly with Spain,
Of thouſands taken, thouſands ſlain,
We often read, nor thought it ſtrange!
But in theſe days obſerve the change,
Of War ſo alter'd is the mode,
Inſtead of ſhedding human blood,
Vaſt ſums expended are, and not
A ſingle SPANIARD has been ſhot.

If aſk'd from all this mighty fuſs,
What profit will accrue to us?
Ten leagues from ſhore in Southern Seas,
We may go fiſhing where we pleaſe;
In Ninety-one the Trade begins,
And WHALEBONE, FUR, and OTTER-SKINS,
Amends will make for MILLIONS three,
If not the Kingdom *chous'd* will be.

The DOG-TAX.

Tune—Puſh about the briſk Bowl.

'TIS an unpleaſant thing—about Taxes to ſing,
Yet ſtill amongſt Britons we find;
Tho' ſome they deteſt—one more to requeſt,
They all ſeem to be of a mind.

The

The point to obtain—is eaſy and plain,
Againſt it what ſoul will proteſt;
A large ſum to raiſe—and the people to pleaſe,
Muſt be all of Taxes the beſt.

With mad Dogs, and ſad Dogs, the Kingdom abounds,
To tax 'em pray where is the dread;
The rates 'twill reduce—be of general uſe,
And the poor will the better be fed.

To hang half, and ſave half, the maxim will be,
And Collars, and Cords much will ſpread;
Some thouſands muſt die—and much time 'twill employ,
To decently bury the dead.

Staunch POINTERS, and SPANIELS will very well fare,
And Ladies their Lap-dogs will ſave;
But all ſnarling Curs to get rid of I truſt,
No ſoul an objection will have.

Tho' Tax upon Tax—makes mankind angry wax,
However judiciouſly plann'd;
If what we now crave—is the laſt we're to have,
'Twill Credit be doing the Land.

This CREDIT ſhall not—be the MINISTER'S lot,
With Taxing 'tis time he had done;
The public at large—ſolicit the charge,
And the BRAT ſhall be chriſten'd their own.

With well fed young puppies the caſe will be ſuch,
'Twill many bring into a nooſe;
And in London the ſlaughter 'tis ſaid, very much
Will the price of Polonies reduce.

Pleaſing hopes we enjoy—but the Miniſter's eye,
Seems much upon DIVIDENDS ſet;
He plays on the BANK—a political prank,
And gives the DIRECTORS a ſweat.

But BILLS of EXCHANGE—ſo allure him—how ſtrange!
He'll ſcarce turn his mind upon Dogs;
For BILLY PITT, TRADE—the STATE PACK-HORSE has made,
Whoſe back he continually flogs.

An

An HUDIBRASTIC EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

TO find the way to Heaven's gate,
Tho' ſome aſſert the road is ſtrait,
Liſt to the ſequel and you'll ſee,
How men about it diſagree;
All for one ſpacious harbour ſteering,
But differ in the point of bearing,
His own opinion each conveying,
Scarce two in Sentiment agreeing.

CATHOLICUS a zealot bred,
Preſum'd o'er all to take the lead,
Haranguing to a ſtrange degree,
About Infallibity;
Would oft aſſert, in deep diſcourſe
His modes the ſtronger to enforce,
That they who diſbelieved his ſtory,
Would ne'er get clear of purgatory.

Cloſe to his heels EPISCO trod;
And tho' he would not eat his God,
To points myſterious much adher'd,
And many ſturdy followers rear'd;
That one was three, and three was one,
Implicitly was ſwallow'd down;
And often ſcourg'd by canon laws,
Thoſe that ran counter to his cauſe.

PRESBYTER who would not put on,
The Caſſock, Surplice, or the Gown,
Who could not (as the Elders plead)
Digeſt the Athanaſian creed,
Or 'mongſt the common forms agree,
To bow the head, or bend the knee;
On all theſe matters kept a ſtout look,
And taught his claſs to pray without book.

BAPTUS was bred to common labour,
Could cobble, preach, or uſe a ſabre;

Full

Full fed with faith, and wrapt in flannel,
Would take the water like a ſpaniel,
And never deem'd the taſk a burden,
To wade acroſs the river Jordan,
Both Male and Female in the lake,
He taught to play at Duck and Drake;
And always by his ſaving grace,
Found out a proper landing place.

METHODICUS with rigid eye,
Preach'd often to the open ſky,
And in the Vineyard labour'd more,
Than any one had done before:
In morn at five, and ſix at night,
To prayer did his flock invite;
And ev'ry day throughout the year,
Upon the Roſtrum would appear;
Denouncing bitter condemnation,
On thoſe who ſcoff'd at his perſuaſion.

SOCINUS built upon the plan,
That Jeſus was no more than man:
DEISTICUS went further on,
Eſtabliſh'd modes he ſeem'd to ſhun;
Made light of every ſerious pother,
'Bout Calvin John, and Martin Luther;
On moral reas'ning plac'd his baſis,
And oft in controverſial caſes,
For teſtimonial proofs would look,
In WOOLSTON, CHUBB, or BOLINGBROKE;
One God ador'd, and always join'd,
In ſocial duties to mankind,
And actions deem'd the ſureſt means,
For favour in celeſtial ſcenes.

SANDEMON diff'rent from the reſt,
In garb of ſcarlet often dreſt,
To preach as well as feaſt and revel,
Held all mankind upon a level;
And would, if laws did not controul,
Rob PETER to compound with PAUL;
A model of a freſh invention,
To fit the vulgar comprehenſion:

In

In that which fancy figures out
Some perſevere, ſome tack about,
And ſome aſſert on Britiſh ground,
The NEW JERUSALEM is found;
The ſafeſt road to aſcertain,
Each ſtrives to make his doctrine plain;
One by Election gains Salvation,
And glories in Predeſtination;
Another vows he is not ſure,
But Adam's ſins lie at his door;
That faith and perſevering grace,
Muſt gain in Heaven a dwelling place;
And thus the farce is carried on,
And Goſpel tenets *pro* and *con*,
Are oft in COUNTRY JOURNALS ſtated,
And by the Lord knows who debated;
And Barbers, Smiths, and Button-turners,
Set up for ſpiritual diſcerners.

'Tis thus the common modes that flow,
Are cuff'd and cudgel'd to and fro,
And poor Religion by each ſmack,
Is pelted like a common hack,
Bandied about by Sandemonian,
Moravian, Monk, or Muckletonian:
And whilſt with keeneſt zeal they fight,
And each declares his doctrine right,
Obſerve, good Sir, amidſt the noiſe,
How ſnug and calm FRIEND NATHAN lies:
Juſt like the Dutch when France and Spain
With other powers at war are ſeen,
Thinks, both for preſent and for future,
'Twill be the ſafeſt to ſtand neuter:
And whilſt the reſt each other blame,
He ſtrives to ſhun the troubled ſtream.
At creeds and controverſies ſmiles,
Reviews the whole but none reviles;
Wrangling for wrangling's ſake diſdains,
And this opinion entertains,
On its own bottom—through the land,
That every tub ſhould always ſtand.

TRI

TRIP to PORTSMOUTH.

WHEN ſummer days were long and fair,
And nature's objects pleaſing,
Great George to Portſmouth would repair,
To ſet the tars a gazing;
Attended by a motley throng;
And every cloſe inſpector
Did loudly cry, as he paſs'd by——
There goes our great protector.

His royal guards who led the way,
Their ſilver trumpets ſounded;
By old and young, the grave and gay,
The monarch was ſurrounded:
On mountain tops the peaſants ſtood,
Aſtoniſhed at the motion,
To ſee their ſovereign brave the flood
With ſo much reſolution.

Reports of war alarm'd the ſhore,
The ſailors did aſſemble;
And o'er their flip with courage ſwore,
They'd make the Spaniards tremble:
But when the kingdom ſaw the cheat,
'Twas ſaid, what can we do more?
Why ſend the king to view the fleet,
'Twill keep the land in humour.

Old Neptune from the briny deep,
Juſt as the ſails were ſpreading,
Uprear'd his head to take a peep,
But ſcoff'd at ſuch proceeding:
Then with his trident ſplaſh'd the ſhore,
Appear'd much diſcontented;
And begg'd ſuch puppet ſhows no more
Might there be repreſented.

The god of waves enrag'd to ſee
Such mockery work begin, Sir,
In future charg'd his M——y
To keep his ſhows at Windſor:

There titles, ſtars, and ribbands blue,
May pleaſe each cringing minion:
But ſcarce a ſoul among the crew
Is fit for my dominion.

His k—ſhip gas'd, but little knew,
Nor on the matter ponders;
The p—e in haſte returns to Kew,
And boaſts of doing wonders.
But had from Boreas come a blaſt,
Upon the deep t'enſnare 'em;
And half the crew had been o'ercaſt,
The country well can ſpare 'em.

The ROYAL COMMODORE.

Tune.—Time enough yet.

YE brave jolly tars, who delight o'er your cheer,
To fighting tranſactions of lending an ear,
Attend while I ſing of the wounds and the ſcars,
That a Commodore met with in Venus's wars.

Of Pocock and Keppel, old ſailors may talk,
Or tell what exploits have been done by a Hawke;
Yet none like our Commodore ever before,
In war or in peace caus'd ſuch noiſe upon ſhore.

The name of a Cumberland once was rever'd,
Becauſe he Bellona's loud thunder ne'er fear'd;
But this is a quite different genius I trow,
For the weapon he fights with is young Cupid's bow.

He often when cruiſing in ſearch of a prize,
Falſe colours will hoiſt by the way of diſguiſe;
Tho' young in commiſſion he ranks of the line,
And to board a ſmall frigate had laid a deſign.

This

This frigate, no matter by whom ſhe was mann'd,
By the Gr—v—r was rigg'd, and lay under command;
Tho' the Commodore lately put in for a ſhare,
And call'd it in rapture his *dear little hair.*

If chance to be caught in a contraband trade,
Ne'er tells where the choice ſmuggled goods have been laid,
And for letters ſo famous, as ſome people tell,
That he'd ſwear by his *Bible* before he cou'd *ſpell.*

One night near the ſhore as at anchor they lay,
Not dreading the fury or foams of the ſea,
A Tender, unlook'd for ruſh'd into the creek,
Expecting the frigate was ſpringing a leak.

A tempeſt aroſe, drove the veſſels aground,
And the Commodore's damage was Ten Thouſand Pound,
The Voyage is ended—enough has been ſaid,
And the D—e for his frolic has handſomely paid.

The CANNIBALS, on the PARTITION of POLAND.

THREE ravenous creatures,
Of deep ſurly features,
Agreed a poor pheaſant to ſhare;
Firſt an eagle appear'd,
Then a vulture uprear'd,
And the third was a rugged ſhe bear.

All around long have ſeen
That the eagle has been
Ever watchful and keen after prey;
And to add to his power,
Would not fail to devour
Any creature that came in his way.

The pheaſant well knew
What his foes had in view;
But the bear is a monſter in ſize!
And had the poor bird,
To oppoſe them have ſtir'd,
The old brutes would have tore out his eyes.

By the vulture no kind
Of objections we find,
For ſtripping his neighbour was ſhewn;
And tho' barb'rous the deed,
Judg'd the way to proceed,
By main force was to pinion him down.

To this maxim the bear
Lent a true ſavage ear;
And the better to finiſh the work,
As an artful fineſſe,
Of inſuring ſucceſs,
Condeſcends to make peace with the Turk.

The deſirable end,
Is their pow'r to extend,
Yet they cannot their jealouſies ſmother;
Tho' friends for awhile,
When dividing the ſpoil,
'Tis odds they fall foul on each other.

The Gallic cock ſaw
Bruin lift up her paw;
Nay, ſome at his ſilence make wonder!
And ſay, was he fit
To turn into the pit,
That he'd fight or go ſnacks in the plunder.

'Twas near a brook ſide,
That the pheaſant eſpy'd
A lion luxuriouſly feeding;
To whom his diſtreſs
Serv'd alone to expreſs,
That his wants for aſſiſtance were pleading.

Human

Humanity bled
When the vile plot was laid,
And the bird, full of grief, weeping ſat;
This the lion diſcern'd,
But ſeem'd no more concern'd,
Than if worrying a Hanover rat.

Would the lion arouſe,
His hard caſe to eſpouſe,
And his tars to the Baltic advance;
When once ſally'd forth,
'Twould alarm all the North,
And the bear would be taught a new dance.

But ne'er in the field,
'Till the cock is well heel'd,
Can the wings of the eagle be clip'd;
And e'er this comes to bear,
The Turk, I much fear,
Like the Poles, of his rights will be ſtrip'd.

The VICAR of BRENTFORD.

Tune—The Vicar of Bray.

IN George the Third's illuſtrious reign,
When courtier's much did gamble,
And in the country honeſt men
For bread were forc'd to ſcramble:
When northern lads the favour gain'd,
Of kingly approbation,
Promoted were, their ground maintain'd,
And ſway'd the Engliſh nation.

CHORUS.

This doctrine then I did begin,
And blame me if you can for't;
That let who will be out or in,
I'll be the Vicar of Brentford.

When party feuds ran bloody high,
In London's wrangling city,
I did eſpouſe the general cry,
And join'd in every ditty;
To Wilkes's cauſe ſo cloſely wed,
My ſtrongeſt vows I plighted,
And ſwore I'd dye my black coat red,
To ſee the kingdom righted!

At government I made a ſcoff,
The people thought me hearty,
And I was made Archbiſhop of
The patriotic party:
And would at one time, 'tis well known,
(Nor blame my reſolution)
Have pawn'd my caſſock and my gown
To prop the conſtitution.

For Liberty I bawl'd aloud,
And was a bold aſſertor,
But found 'twas not preferment's road,
And then I turn'd deſerter;
Nor did I in the leaſt regard
Who diſapprov'd my manner,
For conteſt ſtill was well prepar'd,
And flew to Shelburn's banner.

For Sheriffs, ſoon as Wilkes and Bull
Were candidates entreated,
I us'd my efforts at the poll
To get the ſcheme defeated;
In malice ſpoke, and ſcandal wrote,
(Of this what mortal dreamed?)
Betray'd my friends and turn'd my coat,
Nor am at all aſhamed.

Ye ſage divines, who would large ſtrides
In church or ſtate be making,
The goſpel mode of changing ſides,
Ne'er be aſham'd of backing:
This text is truly orthodox,
And well deſerves your hearing,
That whoſoe'er at intereſt looks,
Muſt with the times be veering.

The

The JUNCTION: or, TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

YE E'SHAM Boys, from whoſe rich Soil,
Springs early Vegetation;
Who through the Seaſons ſweat and toil,
And live by Cultivation;
Be not miſled by Friend or Foe,
Your native Rights inherit,
The artful JUNCTION overthrough,
"And ſhew a daring Spirit."

CHORUS.

In what is right,
We will unite,
Whilſt Truth and Reaſon guide us;
No Power ſhall awe,
No Two give Law,
There's no SIR JOHN ſhall ride us.

By MEMBERS two, our ancient Town,
Has long been repreſented,
And RUSHOUT in the choice of one,
Should learn to be contented:
His Name the Burgeſſes, I truſt,
Have paid too much reſpect to;
But ſending two is what we muſt,
And ever will, object to.

Chorus.—In what, &c.

Intrigues deſpiſe, and ever more
Diſdain to be out-voted,
Let not the Year of Eighty-four,
Be from your Mem'ry blotted;
The triple R. R—ge, R—h—t, R—ſe,
By Threats ſhall ne'er annoy us,
Our Country's Cauſe we will eſpouſe,
Whilſt THOMPSON will ſtand by us!

Chorus.—In what, &c.

To him we look for ſteady Game,
His Services he's plighted;
Reſpected ever be his Name,
Let not the YOUTH be ſlighted!

With party Views and petty Arts,
His Mind is unconnected,
On fair and open Ground he ſtarts,
On ſuch ſhall be elected.

Chorus.—In what, &c.

Ye Worthies who your Country love,
At Trifles be not frighted,
To him you've promis'd, honeſt prove,
Be firm and be united.
OUT-VOTERS rouſe! all Danger brave!
To have your Rights protected;
For no more Conteſts will you have,
If THOMPSON's not elected.

CHORUS.

In what is right,
We will unite,
Whilſt Truth and Reaſon guide us;
No One ſhall awe,
No Two give Law,
No R—ge nor R—h—t ride us.

MENDOZA's TRIP to BIRMINGHAM.

SINCE bear-garden ſport of the times is the rage,
And Sparring has been introduc'd on the Stage;
With Spain tho' 'tis peace, we'll have fighting at home,
Ye Colliers rejoice, for Mendoza is come.
And ſing Ballynamoni oro,
Fine fun for the Gallery Gods.

In Boxing, by ſome deem'd a valuable art,
So fond was this Hero his ſkill to impart;
He came full of glee, his Manœuvres to ſhow,
But return'd with a horrible ſcowl on his brow!
And ſing Ballynamoni oro,
A Friend and a Bottle for me.

When

When ſeeing how much in his aim he was foil'd,
And finding his grand Expectations were ſpoil'd;
He ſwore like a Trooper, but look'd like a Jew,
And JUSTICES curs'd, and the CONSTABLES too.

In London where Juſtice too oft is aſleep,
Let Pugiliſts ſtill their Academies keep;
But here if the Iſraelite ſets up a School,
I truſt he'll ſoon find he's been playing the fool.

In cutting and ſlaſhing, if ſport I muſt ſee,
Howe'er it may ſuit with MENDOZA or LEE;
Give me Battle-royal with twenty at work,
O'er a ſmoaking SIRLOIN, with a good knife and fork.
That, that is the Conteſt for me.

The ARTS to encourage is Birmingham's pride,
Where crown'd with Succeſs, may they ever abide;
But whatever *Art* may in Boxing appear,
Forbid it ye powers from flouriſhing here.

As the taſte of the times—if the excellence lies,
In breaking of Limbs, or in ſealing up Eyes;
That taſte be it told, for the good of the Town,
Is now, and I truſt, will be ever cry'd down.
A Friend and a Bottle for me.

The SPIRITUAL INQUISITION, on Mr. BASTARD's BILL.

Tune—The Banks of the Dee.

THE ſcene is laid open, and nothing but ſpirit
Is wanted the laudable meaſure to crown;
The cauſe on its ſide that has genuine merit,
What pity that power ſhould ever bear down;
Humanity fondly waits the deciſion,
And reaſon had ever a ſtrong diſpoſition,
For cruſhing that ſore and ſevere INQUISITION!
Too long which has ſtood to religion's diſgrace.

Of

Of frivolous ſuits and all cruel intruſion,
The torrent to ſtem make a glorious ſtand!
Let eccleſiaſtical rank perſecution,
For ever and ever be baniſh'd the land;
The BISHOPS may frown, the PROCTORS may grumble,
If ſpiritual might from her pinnacle tumble,
But ſurely 'tis nothing but juſtice to humble,
That power which is to humanity loſt.

Bold BASTARD, 'tis clear, to his point will be ſteady,
Again tho' he knew his attempt would be foil'd;
For ſervices render'd his country already,
Old England has found him a favourite child;
Purſue the good plan in ſpite of the anger,
Which fell from the lips of the BISHOP of BANGOR,
I wonder GEORGE GORDON has not drawn his hanger!
And cut up for tinder the prelate's *lawn ſleeves*.

The man from his colours, who ſhrinks is a coward,
Rever'd be each reſolute friend to the Bill,
The worthy and truly benevolent HOWARD
Would give to the motion his hearty good will;
From reaſon and truth may every digreſſion,
By Britons be treated with ſcorn and deriſion,
The Spiritual Court is a court of oppreſſion,
A ſtain on the land which makes FREEDOM her boaſt.

The PUBLICANS of BIRMINGHAM to the CHURCH-WARDENS.

Tune—Sit down neighbour's all, &c.

THE SOCIAL COMPANION's a foe to contention,
The SOCIABLE CUP is a ſpur to invention;
Good ale is a bleſſing, what creature will doubt it?
And friendſhip we prize—pray what is life without it?

That tippling on Sundays is too much a practice,
In both town and country an undoubted fact is;
Whilſt many are rigid, and ſome wink at ſmall things,
Let this be obſerv'd, there's a medium in all things.

Penalties

Penalties inflicting may well make us frown, Sir,
We pay to the CHURCH, and we pay to the CROWN, SIR;
Our payments are frequent, and frequently heavy,
But heavieſt of all is a CHURCH WARDEN's levy.

The WARDENS, I'll venture to ſay, will believe us,
'Tis true, their demands we would wiſh were leſs grievous;
However the good of the ſoul they may ſtudy,
From them comes the tax-plague, which much gripes the body.

On all kinds of people the taxes are many,
But PUBLICANS are tax'd the hardeſt of any!
'Tis Parliament only relief can deviſe for't,
We give drink away, and pay the King exciſe for't.

'Tis true that much tipling brings on vain diſcourſing,
'Tis true that the laws ſtand in need of enforcing;
But if at reformation you mean to be trying,
On fair ground proceed, and let's have no decoying.

Diſorder to check is a laudable meaning,
The law ſtrikes at this, nor requires more explaining;
In every ſtation to pleaſe is the beauty,
But upſtarts in office will overdo their duty.

Our Town which is great ev'ry Year becomes greater,
JUSTICES to ſerve us, we can't wiſh for better;
As Juſtice ſhould always be ſtrictly regarded,
May merit be look'd at, and amply rewarded.

The clock had ſtruck three, where a party aſſembled;
Their cups to repleniſh, the LANDLADY trembled;
They all left the houſe, but not with empty pockets,
And bundled away to ſpend their caſh at CROCKIT's.

PUBLICANS of HANDSWORTH fortunes may be making,
Tradeſmen more and more their trips will there be taking;
PUBLICANS of HANDSWORTH may good things be carving,
And live whilſt the LANDLORDS of BIRMINGHAM are ſtarving.

SONG.

SONG.—For the BRITISH TARS, on Sailing for the BALTIC.

COME cheer up my lads—ſtill be valiant and ſtout,
Our brave Wooden Walls are again going out;
Let EUROPE in thundering vollies be told,
That Britain the balance of power will hold.

CHORUS.

Peace and plenty's our wiſh—but as Lords of the Main,
On ev'ry Commotion,
When call'd to the Ocean,
Our wrongs we'll revenge, and our Rights we'll maintain.

If RUSSIA's proud Dame to no terms will give way,
And the TURK will our naval expences repay;
A Fleet for the North in an inſtant equip,
The wings of the towering EAGLE to clip.
Chorus.—Peace and plenty, &c.

Howe'er the proceedings her temper may four,
To curb her Ambition the Baltic we'll ſcour;
Determin'd—if SWEDEN adheres to her call,
STOCKHOLM ſhall be captur'd, and PETERSBURGH fall.
Chorus.—Peace and Plenty, &c.

When join'd on the Main by our ancient Ally,
What powers on Earth dare for ſtrength with us vie!
The broad Seas we'll plow—ſkim the narrow ones o'er,
Paſs *Toll-free* the SOUND, and alarm every ſhore.
Chorus.—Peace and Plenty, &c.

Away then my Boys—Britiſh valour diſplay,
Old HAWKE wonders wrought on a ſhort winter's day,
Laſting peace to procure, free and nobly combine,
And keep in remembrance the year Fifty-nine.

CHORUS.

Hearts of Oak, ſung the Lads who on victʼry were bent,
Their Cannons loud thunder!
The World ſtruck with wonder!
They fought and they conquer'd where'er they went.

QUARTER

QUARTER DAY.

Tune—And a Hunting we will go.

LIFE's Turnpike fairly to get through,
We forward bend our way;
And conſtant as the Seaſons flow,
So ſure comes QUARTER DAY.

Tho' plenty ſmiles, yet ſtill old Care,
To many ſeems to ſay;
The time draws nigh, my Sons prepare,
To honour QUARTER DAY.

At ſtated times, the chink to raiſe,
The Landlord trips away;
The Tenant if not ready ſays,
Too ſoon comes QUARTER DAY.

Tho' Iron-maſters backs are ſtout,
They can't abide delay;
And viſit—with a ſharp look out,
Their Friends on QUARTER DAY.

Proprietors of Copper Mines,
Who long have born the ſway;
In Gold tho' rolling o'er and o'er,
Will not wait QUARTER DAY.

For they to ſerve their greedy ends,
Inſiſt on preſent pay;
And not their fair and firmeſt Friends,
Will truſt till QUARTER DAY.

The Soldier free from care and ſtrife,
Who lives on weekly pay;
His Jorum drinks, and never thinks,
Nor dreams of QUARTER DAY.

If happineſs is to be had,
'Tis his I'm bold to ſay;
Who never was, nor is afraid,
Of Death or QUARTER DAY.

Then Life to crown my wiſh is this,
That all good Subjects may;
O'er hearty cheer throughout the Year,
Be happy every DAY.

INVITA-

INVITATION CARD.

SIR,
GEORGE GORDON may write,
And MENDOZA may fight,
The cauſe of the JEWS to ſupport;
But if on my Stage,
You mean to engage,
Next FRIDAY I'll find you good Sport.
To the CHALLENGE I give,
As ſure as I live,
Determin'd I am to abide;
And the Conteſt in View,
I'll bet Three to Two,
Will take a full Hour to decide.
If you anſwer—*done, done,*
Come at half after ONE,
Square ELBOWS, be ſilent, and ſteady;
I hope to your Mind
BOTTLE-HOLDERS you'll find,
And SECONDS I always have ready.

Birmingham Jan. 22, 1788.

On the DEATH of the truly facetious Mr. JOB HART.

DEATH who to all muſt give the fatal ſtroke,
Has ſtruck the HART, that once was *heart of oak,*
For many years whoſe animating powers,
Kept conſtantly alive the evening hours,
Prince of convivial mirth, with friendſhip ſtor'd,
Fountain of humour at the ſocial board;
The heart to gladden would his fancy rove,
And could the muſcles of a STOIC move.
By what ſo freely from his boſom flow'd,
As all he pleaſed, by all 'twill be allow'd,
Take him when cool, or take him when half mellow,
For ready WIT, he has not left his FELLOW.

A

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